

WAR CRY



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THE GREAT CHOICE.

(See article page 2).

The Great Choice.

(To Our Frontispiece.)

Once at least in every man's life comes the moment when one has to make the great choice between Good and Evil. On one hand the angel of Heaven in purity beckons us upward, on the other hand the spirit of death, bedecked and jewelled and bewitching, would lead us on to destruction.

It is true that we have to choose almost daily between right and wrong, but the Great Choice is made "when an awakened conscience and a quickened judgment, by the special aid of the Holy Spirit, make our choice a deliberate one and decide our course, alas! often for life and eternity.

Have you made the Great Choice? If so, have you not daily thanked God that, by His grace, you have chosen the straight and narrow path? Have not its joys, your spiritual discoveries and the glorious friendship of Jesus been an invaluable recompense for all that you were called upon to sacrifice of the world's favors and pleasures?

And you who have chosen evil, have you not almost daily regretted the fatal choice that led you with eyes open into a cruel slavery to sin? The pleasures promised by the devil have turned out bitter, his glowing prospects have burst like soap bubbles, his feasts have the taste of wormwood and all the anticipation of present enjoyment at the price of sin have turned to ashes. Verily, self-indulgence soon turns to loathing, and the yawning gulf of darkness ahead of you becomes daily a greater reality. There is yet time to turn and seek God.

Many readers will not have made the Great Choice of a fair life yet. They drift on in a dreamy, indecisive, don't-care way on life's dream, and death will float them into hell like so much driftwood in the river is borne to the ocean. Wake up, say, arouse yourself. Life is short, very short, and soon it is ended. Then comes the giving of an account, the closing of the book, the striking of the balance, the showing of profit or loss. Choose to-day whether it shall be for you Heaven gained or lost in hell.

NOBLE SELF-DENIAL.

The beautiful story told of Sir Philip Sidney how he resigned the bottle of water to a wounded soldier lying beside him, is a reproduction—it may not have been an imitation—of an incident in the life of Alexander the Great. Some time after defeating Alexander, greatly distressed with thirst, filled a helmet with water out of their scanty supply and presented it to him. He took the helmet in his hands, but, looking round and seeing all the burmen bending their heads and fixing their eyes upon the water, he returned it without drinking. The cavaliers, who were witnesses of this act of temperance and magnanimity, cried out, "Let us march! We are neither weary nor thirsty!" There is another noble instance of his self-denial. The wife and daughters of Darius and many other Persian ladies were his captives, and they were beautiful women. He never approached them, but caused them to be sacredly respected and honored. Similar high praise under similar circumstances, is due to the warrior Belshazzar.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

Bible Readings from Jamaica.

JOSEPH, THE DREAMER.

"Here comes the Dreamer!" He had dreamt a dream that they disliked to hear;

For why should he, so young in years, tell them the dream, and say it meant

That they would bow and honor him, who should be servant to them all, And black their boots, or wash the plates, or go down to the village shop?

"Here comes the Dreamer!" they exclaimed, as secretly they vowed that they

Would be revenged upon this lad, that was his father's favorite, And did not work to earn his salt, but was tale-bearer day by day:

And so they planned to murder him, had not one, Reuben, begged his life, Persuading them to pit him down a pit, where he might starve or die.

And so they did, but later on some merchants came along that way, To whom they sold the boy for fifty shillings of our English coin;

They killed a kid and took his clothes and stained them in the blood, To hide

The deed, and let his father see his coat of many colors marred. They told him that some beast had killed their brother Joseph in the

So Jacob mourned for him, and would not be consoled, and rent his clothes, Saying he should go to the grave still grieving for his favorite boy.

The merchants, who were Ishmaelites, led Joseph bound and sold him to A Mr. Potiphar, who lived in Egypt, since they went that way;

Here Joseph stayed for many years, and worked so well and faithfully That he was made the head of all his master's servants, and his house.

He doubtless wished to serve the Lord, but Satan, through his master's wife,

Tried hard to lead him captive bound, and when he failed, spread a report

Which was not true, so was a lie; and strange to say, the Lord looked on

And did not, as He could have done, stop the report, but let them talk; And so, we find, he was condemned, and sent through Mr. Potiphar

To prison, where he spent two years, but was a kind of warder there. And then it chanced (although some say there is no chance for things

ordained) That Pharaoh, who was King, condemned his butler and his baker, too, To prison for the deeds he'd said they'd done to him, or had not done;

So Joseph had the oversight of them, and did strange dreams explain. He told one he would be restored, and said the other would be hanged;

And as he said, so it turned out, the very day he said it would.

Although the dream had been fulfilled he got no thanks, but was forgot Until two other years had passed, when Pharaoh dreamt, and there was

Of all the wise men in the land who could interpret what it meant; Till Joseph, being sent for, came and told the meaning of it all—

How that there would a famine be, preceded by a harvest great; Seven years of this and seven of that. He gave the glory to the Lord, Who in return made Pharaoh know that the prediction would be true.

Then Pharaoh made a man of him, and placed him over all his men; He bade him ride next to himself, and people bowed to him as well.

So Joseph was commissioner, and planned a Darkest Egypt scheme, That gathered in the surplus wheat to meet the famine that would come.

Not only down in Egypt was the famine felt, but Canaan too, Was out of corn, so Jacob had to send and buy from Joseph's store;

And thus it was that Joseph's dream came true, though he had waited long

(For years that numbered twenty-three) before his brothers came to

And bowed their knees as unto one who had the power to kill or spare. He knew them well, but they, in fear, had not the slightest thought

Of him, he knew he wept to hear them tell how Jacob kept back Benjamin, He turned away to hide the tears that had so long refused to flow.

Oh, they must bring him Benjamin! he would take no excuse from them

So gave them corn, and placed within their sacks the money which they brought,

And sent them back, retaining one, lest they should not return with him.

Though Jacob said he never could consent to give up Benjamin, Yet when the corn was eaten up there was nothing he could do.

And so he went with all the rest, and Judah vowed he should return, For he would stand the penalty—so they went down with saddened hearts;

But Joseph went to see him come, and he received them all with joy, Although they knew not who he was, for he still kept the truth from them.

Again he gave them corn and sent them with the money in their sacks, But into Benjamin's he placed a silver cup unknown to all;

Then, when they'd gone a little way, he sent to search them for this cup,

And it was found, so they returned, condemned, unable to explain. "I am Joseph, Benjamin," he said, but Judah said how that he'd stood

As surety for him, and said, "His father's life is bound in this."

Then Joseph could restrain himself no more, and turning servants out, He, weeping, told them who he was, but said they must not grieve be-

They'd sold him years before, for God had worked it out for good;

And then he bade them be in haste, and tell his father all the news,

And bring him down, for yet five years of famine still remained for all;

So he must come and live with him, and see the glory God had sent—

And then he wept o'er Benjamin, and kissed the others through his tears.

So they returned, and though at first poor Jacob thought the news too good,

Yet later on the Lord said "Go," so he and all his family went,

And were received with joy by Joseph, and the king as well—

And thus it was his dream came true, as many a dream comes true to-day.

—Adjutant Phillips.

CONTENTMENT.

By E. W. C.

I.

In everybody's secret care On his forehead plainly written was, How oft we would be moved to leave For those we watch with jealous eyes So many who in the depth of their

breast Off bury their sorrows and aching, Find all their comfort doing their best To appear to others happy and true And to hide the heart which is breaking.

II.

If some who live in mansions fair Are strangers, as it seems to us, Oh, do not envy, but pity them: The thorns are hidden by the rose. The sparkling stones in the diadem, And the crown is often adorned

The king or prince who would gladly exchange The royal throne for the workman's bench, And hail it his liberty's morning.

III.

There is one face whose smile is real, Whose heart is not so cold as it seems. It like a sunbeam warm and mild, It in the face of God's own Child. The sin and darkness which filled the soul

When the cleansing stream came in sweeping Were washed away, and it broke his control,

And Jesus' blood healed the wounded soul, And turned to gladness her weeping.

Spiritual Sparks.

A holy life is a life like Christ's.

To fall from God is to fall to the greatest height in the universe.

There is always room anywhere in the world for a holy thought.

One of the chief reasons why life is so great is just that life is so short.

None but the Christ-like in character can know the Christ-like in character.

He is a great man who has a great plan for his life—the greatest who has the greatest plan and keeps it.

You may be doing God's will with one hand consecrated to Christ, and making your own autobiography with the other consecrated to self.

We have no business to cumber God's earth with ourselves if we are not holy—no business to live in the same world with Him. We are an offence to God—discordant notes in the music of the universe.

All seed sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed falls into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speaking. The influence of a word is incalculable. It is not incalculable?—Amiel.

Some lives are so rich that their very crumbs make a feast for others. Would you not rather have a smile or a single word from some royal man than a whole sermon from another? Grand characters little realize what potency of blessing flows from their slightest words and acts.

The more a man loves, the more he suffers. The sum of possible pain for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection.



The Discovery of Diamonds.

By O. S. MARDEN.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful all around thee
brings
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
—Harriet Winslow.

In a little cottage overlooking the River Indus and miles of beautiful country stretching away to the sea, there lived a Persian named Ali Hafeed. He was blessed with a beautiful wife and romping children. An extensive farm was his, with fields of grain, gardens of flowers, orchards of fruit and hundred of acres of forest. And he had plenty of money and everything else that heart could wish.

One evening a monk of Buddha visited him, and, sitting before the fire, explained how the world was made, and the Oriental belief that the great beams of sunlight condensed on the earth's surface into diamonds; adding that a diamond the size of his thumb was worth more than large mines of copper, silver or gold; that with a handful he could buy a province, and that with a diamond mine he could purchase a kingdom.

Ali Hafeed listened, and no longer thought himself rich, for he had been touched with discontent, before which all wealth seems to vanish. Early next morning he awakened the monk who had caused his unhappiness, and anxiously asked where he

Could Find a Mine of Diamonds.

"What do you want of diamonds?" asked his astonished guest.

"I want to be so rich as to place my children on thrones."

"As you have to do so to go and search until you find them," replied the monk.

"But where shall I go?" asked the eager farmer.

"Go anywhere—north, south, east or west."

"How shall I know when I have found the place?"

"When you find a river running over white sands between high mountain ranges, in those white sands you will find diamonds," answered the monk.

The discontented man sold the farm for what he could get, left his family with a neighbor, took the money he had at interest and went to search for the coveted treasure. Over the mountains of Arabia, through Palestine and Egypt, he wandered for years, but found no diamonds. When his money was all gone and starvation stared him in the face, ashamed of his folly and of his rags, poor Ali Hafeed threw himself into the ocean and

Was Drowned.

The man who bought his farm was a contented man, who made the most of his surrounding and did not believe in going away from home to hunt for diamonds or success. While his camel was drinking one day, he noticed a flash of light from the white sands of the brook. He picked up a pebble, and, pleased with its brilliant hues, took it into the house, put it on the shelf near the fireplace and forgot all about it. The old monk of Buddha, who had filled Ali Hafeed with the fatal discontent, called one day upon the new owner of the farm. He had no sooner entered the cottage than his eye caught that flash of light from the stone.

"Here's a diamond! here's a diamond!" the monk shouted in great excitement. "Has Ali Hafeed returned?"

"No," said the farmer, "nor is that a diamond. That is out a stone." They went into the garden, and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and behold! other diamonds more beautiful than the first gleamed forth.

Thus the famous diamond beds of Golconda were discovered. Had Ali Hafeed been content to remain at home and dig in his own garden, instead of going abroad to search for wealth, only to find poverty, hardship, starvation and death, he would have been

One of the Wealthiest Men

in the world, for the entire farm abounded in the richest of gems.

Are we not blind to our opportunities? The majority of us have yet to learn that "our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at

hand." Through lack of this belief men and women without number have sold farms or estates, and given up good positions and homes to go "somewhere else," because they were sure, if they could but change their present condition, that they could succeed.

The richest gold and silver mine in Nevada was sold for forty-two dollars by the owner, to get money to pay his passage to other mines, where he thought he could get rich.

Certain Brazilian shepherds once organized a party to go to California to dig gold, and took along a handful of

Translucent Pebbles

to play checkers with on the voyage. After arriving in San Francisco, and after they had thrown most of the pebbles away, they discovered that they were diamonds. They hastened back to Brazil, only to find that the mines from which the pebbles had been gathered had been taken up by others and sold to the government.

Thus the world has seen one man after another fail hopelessly in quest of success. On the other hand, by grasping opportunities where they were, thousands have made fortunes out of trifles which others, in the wild race for riches, have overlooked. There is power and fortune lying latent everywhere about us, waiting for the eye that can see and for the mind that can utilize.

You have your own special place and work. Fill it, fill it. In order to succeed you must be prepared to seize and improve the opportunity when it comes. Remember that few things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity.

COMPANIONS.

We can converse frequently with nothing, but it is incessantly assimilating us to its own predominant quality. Waters vary their savor according to the value of the soil through which they slide. Brutes alter their natures answerable to the climates in which they live. Men are apt to be changed for the better or worse according to the conditions of those with whom they daily converse; the election, therefore, of our companions is one of the weightiest actions of our lives, our future good or hurt dependeth so much upon it. It

is an excellent speech of Chrysostom: If men, good or bad, be joined together in a special band of society, they either quickly part or usually become alike.

Sermon Seeds.

Copernicus upset the astronomy of the Middle Ages; so much the worse for the astronomy. The Everlasting Gospel is revolutionizing the churches; so much the better for the churches.

We learn to recognize a mere blunting of the conscience in that incapacity for indignation which is not to be confounded with the gentleness of charity or the reserve of humility.

Great men are the true men, the men in whom Nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary—they are in the true order. It is the other kind of men who are not what they ought to be.

How few are those who can tell a thing as they hear it, yet think themselves truthful.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—Alexander Hope.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—Ammian.

When man rises from cradle ruins to fully know himself and who he is, he will have no more fear of death than a child has of its loving mother who lovingly takes it from darkness to light.

We have one thing, and only one, to do here on earth—to win the character of Heaven before we die.

Every man's task is his life-preservation. The conviction that his work is dear to God, and cannot be spared, defends him.

We are made for co-operation—like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and nether teeth.

My Old Violin.

By DEVALERE, India.

I COULD bring tears to the relief of the broken-hearted; I could soothe with smiles the sorrowful; I could rouse the merry to the dance and fill the place with laughter; I could stir the indolent and dissatisfied to lofty ideals and noble deeds; I could dissipate gloom and sadness for mirth, and joy and gladness; I could move a soul to acts of greatest daring, or hold a multitude spell-bound; I could teach souls to aspire to the great and good and lovely; I, alas! I lie here in the dust, smeared with resin and filled with cobwebs, despised and rejected as something worthless; occasionally I am handled out, criticised, vibrated for a moment or two with a tremor, and then I am put back in my broken old box as harsh and out of tune. They think to pierce the crust of dirt and dust and disuse in a moment; they forget that time and use only will revive the depth and sweetness and mellowness of my tones.

Poor old violin! friend and companion of years; a friend who could soothe in sorrow, yet would ask no questions nor worry for answers; a friend who would sympathize with my silent grief and yet breathe joy and peace, yes, and stir the soul into raptures of joy. You have been badly used. Your tones were grand! sublime! but my clumsy fingers were slow to tune you, and I had not the power to show you off at your true worth or produce the richness of those tones. You were so difficult to master that you were put aside for something easier; not nearly so grand but more showy and quainter. I learned to strike your familiar chords once more and linger over those soft, deep notes, what memories are roused!

I remember once, long, long ago I was at school; my mother came to see me, and in all the glow of childish pleasure I was showing her all my toys. "Look, mamma," I said, "look, I have made this into a geegee, and here, when I blow, it will make." The geegee was my poor old fiddle, and the wisp a beautiful bow, all broken. My mother looked sorry; she took up the instrument and untied the string from its neck, then she took the bow and carefully placed them in their box; I never saw my violin again in those years.

I was standing before a grave prostrate with grief, poor little child and broken old-time geegee. My mother insisted that she thought it could at least be made fit to turn on. This professor was a long time wondering whether that could be possible. Seeing my seeming disappointment, he did not know that my cheeks were burning red because I was ashamed of my poor old prodigy—I was very proud—he said he would see what could be done. The next visitor I paid him was a ragpicker over the poor old thing; he had simply transformed it. He handed it to me, saying, "Never part with that instrument whatever may be ordered you; it is a very valuable one." I was not particularly proud of it then, as it looked old-fashioned, a little large and very black. I should have liked it had it been filled with pearls and prettily stained. But I nodded on with the wisp, and as the long tedious process I launched into scales of a little more variety.

I had become companion and helper to my father. At the desk we talked together; at leisure we read and played and by degrees I began to love my old violin for by dint of constant playing I began to tune its tones to my own will and humor, and to realize the depths of soul in its music.

A crowded room; a rattling good song sung by many lusty voices. The poor old violin was leading, and everyone seemed to be revelling in the delight of the music. Amongst that crowd was a soldier lad with a heavy-looking face—a face that nothing could brighten. Poor lad! be-

fore he was saved he was a great drinker, his career in the army (military) was quite spoiled by it. "We know, Cap'n," he would say, "it's no use my trying to be a good soldier. When a fellow gets a bad name in the army, it sticks to 'im all through the service. The Cap'n of our Company, 'e jest comes round and from sheer habit 'e walks straight up to me, and of 'e spots the smallest least speck of dust on my trappings, it's: 'Private Blank, three days to barracks.' Many's the time when my things is cleaner than some of 'e fellows, but it's always the same. 'e jest speck of dust on 'is trousers and singing, and one day he said, 'Cap'n, will ye get us a fiddle, I wants to learn one.' I was surprised, but I thought it might give him some pleasure and recreation, at any rate, so I bought him a violin and let him practice in the hall on Thursday afternoon. The man with the heavy features, who could not, for the life of him, make a good soldier, became a new man altogether. 'e could turn up with a radiantly smiling face and strum away till further orders. At first, in the zeal of his early efforts, it was a little trying that he would insist on producing 'is one key—the one, 'e of course, without flats or sharps, C major—whether it was the key we were playing in or

no, but at the end of six months he was a pupil not to be ashamed of, with the prospect of becoming quite a master of the art if he kept in practice.

One of the last memories was my dear sister. She used to maintain that she was not musical, and could not play anything. One day someone gave her a violin, and with a sweet, shy ambition she made up her mind to try and learn it. She was not long in making fair progress. I remember well how she would play over and over again that tune:

"I cannot leave the dear old flag,
'T were better far to die."

That beautiful white hand that held the bow so gracefully is still in death, and that gentle voice is silent, and the soul that tuned those notes has returned to God. They have written over her grave the words:

"She fell like a soldier, she died at her post."

I think my old violin has been very much in its box since then. But there are still a few other thoughts that come to me just now; perhaps they might also go under the heading of memories, memories of sad experiences of not so long ago either. How nice my poor violin is to some of the many blessings God has given us. Keys to joy, peace and rest.

Power to unfold the glories of the deep spiritual life around us, have hidden the way out of this somewhere; soul of sweetest melody! but a string has been torn or the harmony has been in some way injured or spoiled. At that the children, who toyed with these things then the Master withdrew them for a while, till we could appreciate value, or maybe these gifts needed so much care and cultivation, and could only be produced to perfection at the price of some great sacrifice. Maybe, like the man in the parable, there was a little pride at the loss of our gifts, or we thought the Master hard and severe in expecting such an increase of usefulness where there was so little talent to begin with. Maybe we have despised our little talent for those that show brightest in the outer world, so neglecting what would most affect the little circle nearest home. But the Master is not so easily deceived. He will give five more; of the two, two more of the one, one more. No use leaving the four and leaving the fifth; all must be put to use; then we shall hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Health Hints.

A simple ointment for dressing wounds and sores is made by melting in a jar by the side of the fire, without boiling, one part of yolk of white and two parts of best lard or olive oil.

For a Hard Corn.—A glycerine ointment will soften and loosen the corn so much that it will easily come off. To apply, saturate a piece of lint with glycerine; lay this on the corn, tie a piece of oiled silk over, bandage to keep in place, and, if you apply it night and on till the morning. If you are troubled with corns, get your shoemaker to stretch new shoes for you before wearing.

Guarding Against Colds.—Sunshine and air do much to frighten away the demon of colds, in whatever form than do any number of doctors or medicines. People who sleep with their windows open are far less liable to those who hermetically seal themselves against any fresh air until they rise. And don't accuse yourself to be never in a draught for a minute, for it is sure to be unaccountable at times, and then if you are used to it you will catch cold.

Sprains.—Remember that in the case of a sprained limb rest is the principal thing if you want to cure it completely. Permanent weakness of the limb is the result if the injured part has quite recovered. Put the injured part, as soon after the accident as possible, into water as hot as you can bear, or wrap it in a dry wringing cloth of boiling water, but don't have it too hot to hold. If hot water is to be had, wring the flannel out of a mixture of any kind of spirit and water (cold), using the parts.

Bad Taste in the Mouth.—The bad taste in the mouth is a good sign, indicating that the mucus is often due to the presence of germs, the products of which accumulate while the person is sleeping. When one awakes the constant secretion of the teeth is necessary. If there are any decayed teeth they should be attended to, and a toothbrush must be used freely and frequently, especially at night. The proper drinking water and care as to diet are most important. In dealing with germs in the mouth, however, one should always remember that they grow where there is low vitality. People who are run down usually have a bad taste because of how clean they keep their mouth or how careful they may be in diet, because germs always get into the tissues of the body are not so easy to drive them away as those of the tongue. This latter class of people will get rid of the bad taste when they improve their health.

For Others' Sake.

I have read somewhere a story,
How two friends one evening sat,
In the waning twilight glory,
Deep engaged in friendly chat.
On a table stood a candle,
And its rays of mellow light
Made the fulfil shadows dandle,
As if moved by some mad sprite.

Soon a silly moth, attracted
By the bright and flickering flame,
As, alas! have wiser acted,
Sought destruction just the same,
Moved by tender sweet compassion,
The two friends blew out the light,
And in this unusual fashion
Chatted on till the night.

What a lesson lies enfolded
In this simple little tale;
A sweet lesson, bright and golden,
Richest drop in Mercy's Grail.
If, in some unthinking moment,
You have lit a light that lures,
That to others brings bestowment
Of some ill through fault of yours.

Blow it out. Be not a tempter
To draw others into wrong;
He who was the world's Redeemer
Gave Himself to make thee strong.
Put in no one's way temptation,
Or false lights to lure to sin,
Rather seek His commendation
Who the lowliest would win.

Let your lives go out for others,
Let your care for them be shown,
See in all your sisters, brothers,
Live not for yourselves alone.
Let the Lord be your ensample,
Who for others lived and died;
So shall peace and joy most ample
With you evermore abide.

—William G. Hasselbarth.



THE LIFE OF Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya.

BY COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD.

Some forty years ago, in a Buddhist temple in Ceylon, a Sinhalese mother might have been seen worshipping before the statue of Buddha. By her side was her eldest boy. In his hands she had placed some flowers, which she was instructing him to reverently place before the massive idol.

The boy's uncle was a priest of the temple, and among the 5,000 yellow-robed apostles of Buddha few stood higher in the public estimation. It seemed not unlikely at that time that the boy who knelt so devoutly at the shrine might himself become one long among the child students from whom the ranks of the priesthood are replenished.

The Weerasooriya family was itself one of the most prominent in South Ceylon. The very name signified in its Sanscrit origin,

"Brave Warrior,"

and not only in the priesthood, but among the Buddhist community generally, the name had made its mark by means of its ability, wealth and integrity.

When Christianity invaded the neighborhood the Weerasooriyas stood staunchly by the Buddhist faith, and were amongst the leaders in persecuting the new-fangled religion. The grandmother of the boy whom we have just introduced was herself a pillar of strength to the pagan cause. Not only had she dedicated her eldest son to the priesthood, but her observance of the rights and ceremonies of her religion was strict in the extreme. The works of merit, which were to earn for her the enjoyment of "Nirvan" (annihilation) were diligently practised. Her offerings to the temple were generous, her pilgrimages frequent, her opposition to the new religion stern and unrelenting.

Imagine the severe old lady's horror when it was whispered that a member of her own family, one of her younger sons, had been secretly studying the Bible, and had decided to embrace the Christian faith. The storm of anathemas and persecution that burst over the young convert's head would be difficult for an one reared among civilized surroundings to understand. His young, beautiful and devoted wife, herself an ardent Buddhist, with their boy—the two whom we have already seen visiting the temple—

Deserted Him,

apparently forever. Every form of abuse and indignity was heaped upon David Weerasooriya, and even his wife appeared to be in danger. But with the fortitude which grave stones could supply, the young convert held his ground.

The most subtle theologians of the Buddhist creed were brought to argue him out of his new religion. His old friends who did not recognize the existence of God, their effort was made to shake David Weerasooriya's faith in the Divine existence. "Look you," was the somewhat strange, ingenious answer, "my aim is just the right thing, and I am not afraid of you. My faith of God and convey a handful of it to my mouth. If it were too short I could not reach my mouth; if it were too long it would carry the food over the mouth. I doubt the existence of the God who made me."

The father stood firm, the wife and child finally rejoined him, the storm of opposition subsided, and David Weerasooriya came to be the "Arch-church," or

Mayor of His Village Community, having the joy of seeing his wife and children become sincere and active Christians.

But the opposition of the stern old grandmother continued to the very last. Her deathbed was shrouded in the sorrowful gloom of her religion, and is a mournful illustration of the powerlessness of non-Christian faiths to administer comfort to their votaries, even when most sincere.

The relatives had gathered from far and near to her side. Prominent among them was the son whom she had consecrated from his early boyhood to be a priest of Buddha. With a view to comforting her during her last moments, the son had made a long list of all her meritorious actions.

The rule of Buddhism is that at death, if the good deeds of life outweigh the bad, the soul passes to a superior stage of existence, and then to another still higher, till it finally ceases to exist. If, on the other hand, the sins outweigh the virtues, it passes through a series of purgatories, or hells, of a very terrible character.

Hence the highest form of comfort possible was to remind the dying woman of her many good deeds. But how great was the grief and consternation of those who stood around when she, whom all had regarded as

a saint, pushed aside the record of her virtues, and cried in an agony of despair, "I am lost! I am lost!"

I Am Going to Hell!"

Relapsing into unconsciousness, it was easy to see that her last hour had come. "I cannot allow my mother to die like this," exclaimed the priest. He then requested the native doctor who was in attendance to give a violent jerk to the hair above her forehead, this being sometimes done when it is desired to bring a dying person to consciousness for the signature of a will, or for a good-bye word. Her eyes opened, and once more the list of her benevolence was affectionately pressed upon her with the words, "Mother, mother, you must not die thus! See the list of your good deeds, and be assured that the highest of heavens awaits your soul." Again pushing away the paper, the dying woman exclaimed, "I am lost! I am going to hell!" and expired. The incident made a deep impression on those who were gathered around, and helped no little in shaping the future life work of Arnolis Weerasooriya.

(To be continued.)



Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya.

At Evening Time It Shall be Light.

"At evening time," a familiar phrase and everyday expression. The prophet couldn't very well couch his assertion in terms more easily understood. Thou long-looked-for "evening," the end of the day.

A ship leaves port to go to another some distance away. It is early in the morning. Just after she gets out in seaway the clouds gather thickly, the wind begins to pipe, and they fear on board that they are going to have a change of wind and blow. Gradually the wind ceases from the point from which it blew when starting, and here it comes from another direction, a real gale. The people on board the vessel lower their sails, reef and try to haul in under the head. But no, the storm rises, the waves roll mountains high, and they have to run her before it, it may be with a little canvas or under her bare poles. Perhaps they heave to and let her drive under a riding sail. On board they are anxious; every five minutes they are going farther from the land, but you hear them say perhaps in the "evening" it will calm down, and we will be able to hook on to the shore again. Anxious-

ly they watch the minutes go by, and, as is expected, at the going down of the sun the wind drops, the sea goes down. Watch them on board as they loosen sail, head the schooner for the land, and later on shore in their rejoicing as they at last drop anchor safe in a harbor, "at evening time."

Or, again, a journey is contemplated, preparations on a large scale have been made for its success.

The night preceding the day of starting everybody concerned is jovial over the anticipated feast of happiness, and they go to rest to dream of coming pleasure. What a change in the morning! Rain is coming down from the heavens, the wind blows, and out of shelter it is just miserable. The proposed journey has to be abandoned for a more favorable time. For hours it rains on "In the evening" the sky clears, the wind drops away, the sun peeps out just before it goes down over yonder hill and oh! what a beautiful sunset, made more so by the storm gone by. Beautiful, "at evening time" it may be some soul who looked forward to years of happiness and success suddenly in the turning of life is seized by disease. Pain racks the constitution, medicine and means are sought after and used. The pain is allayed for a while, but the disease gradually gains ground, although the

means used allays its progress somewhat. People visit, sympathize and tendered and little gifts are brought to the sufferer. He or she knows that, while the time of departure is not far away, it is well. A chance comes, a change for the worse as far as the physical frame is concerned, but a change for the better as to the fact into account that to depart and be with the Lord is far better. Just as the sun goes down over yonder hill, and the radiance and glory of it set, the sufferer hears many exclamations of joy, so the sun sinks in the life of the sufferer. The eyes close, the head falls back, all pain has ceased, and in the experiences of all anxious concerned, "at evening time it is light."

As humus beings sailing over the sea of time, we have many dreary days, haven't we?

How often the sky is black and threatening. How often the storm beats against us and the light sails and the skysails that we use in nice weather have to be lowered and everything on board made snug! Although some of us have been as the little schooner that I first mentioned, when was driven by the sea and gale farther from the desired port.

We Can Weather the Gale

even though we may lose a lot of that which we had in our possession when starting, and which we thought the voyage couldn't be successfully made without. The storm strip us, don't they? The gale shows us the essentials to coming through safely. What a blessed thing it is at all times to be able to look at the compass and see that the ship is heading on the right course, even though you can't see the length of her ahead. What a miserable experience it is to be driven before the gale all one's days, and in the "evening time" to have to get on extra sail, causing uneasiness to those on shore lest it should get too dark to make the harbor.

Watch Stephen as he pursues what he is sure is God's will concerning him. His position brings him responsibilities, but if given a chance he is able to cope with them.

His enemies seek for some way to outwit him, and at last they act. He is led out and about to be put to death.

But See His Face.

What is that about it which makes it so strangely uncommon? It is "light." His enemies seek it, for as you sit in a room and, looking at the sunlight streaming through the window, you which is only visible as the naked eye, owing to the power of the sunlight, so they who hate him and stand around see his brightness and the shining light of his face, and no doubt see the light and heat of their own hearts. It is light at evening time with him, and because the first martyr had light others have followed in the same tracks of death, and blessed be the name of the prince of the Jews, that sturdy old veteran, who, looking back over the past, and in imagination feeling the torture of the lash, the cold and hardship of the shipwreck, and the pain of the prison, the stings and tongue-cutting of the crowd and individuals, said, "I have fought a good fight, finished the course, and kept the faith."

How beautiful, "at evening time it is light." Then look at the light of his face. He had not been with the other disciples when Jesus showed Himself to them, and he doubts the fact of His being alive and risen. Jesus is a dark day for the eyes of the disciples met, and Thomas with them, Jesus again comes, and speaking expressly to Thomas, says, "Reach forth thy finger and behold my hands."

He is now no longer dark-browed, doubting Thomas, but rather at the evening time light has come, and he says, "My Lord and my God."

The frequent complaints we hear of inflammation and pains in the joints are occasioned by shoes made too tight; all the misery of corns is produced in the same way.

Letters from the General

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

ABOUT BEING SAVED.

LETTER NO. 6.—"THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN".—III.

My Dear Comrades,—In my previous letters I have been explaining to you the nature and character of sin. I come now to answer the very serious question—

"What is to be Done with it?"

1. Every man in this world is placed under the obligation to keep certain laws. I reminded you of this in a former letter. Whatever God reveals to you by His Word, or by His Holy Spirit, or by your own conscience, to be your duty, either to Him or your fellows, that is God's law for you.

2. The transgression of that law, as we have seen, is sin; and I am sure you will see at a glance that in some way or other it must be dealt with.

Looked at from any conceivable standpoint, it must appear to you that God could not leave it unnoticed. To begin with, there was His own honor. What would be thought of any earthly father who allowed his children to keep or break the rules he made for their guidance, just as they took it into their heads? They would despise such a parent, and say, "Oh, he's nobody, and you need not take any notice of him." And all who knew of such a state of things would despise him, too.

Just so, if our Heavenly Father allowed men to carry out His wishes, or go contrary to them according to their fancy or their feelings, without either rewards or punishments, they would despise Him.

3. You will see, also, if you give the matter a little thought, that

God Must Deal with Sin, or His law would lose its hold on the respect of those for whom it has been made. If men were allowed to break the law as they please without suffering for it, the result would soon be the same as if there was no law. A wild without law would be little better than a hell.

4. The benevolent regard which God has for all His creatures binds Him to deal with the transgression of His laws. Only think of the state of wretchedness and helplessness to which the people of an country would soon be reduced if the laws that have to do with the protection of life and property could be broken with impunity.

All the thieves and rascals in that country would at once come to the front, and the weak people would be robbed and wronged until the world became a hodge-podge too grievous to be borne.

Just so, no one can imagine how awful would have been the anarchy and was that would have spread itself throughout all God's great Kingdom if the sin of Adam and all the people who have followed in his track had not been dealt with. God, as the Governor of the creatures He has made, is under the most solemn obligation to take notice of sin.

Well, now, if sin had to be dealt with, how was it to be done? There were

Only Two Ways.

One way was to punish it by the infliction of the punishment on the transgressor, and that penalty was death, and the other way was to forgive him. The infliction of the penalty a man had deserved, would, doubtless, have secured each of the ends I have mentioned. Angels, devils and men would all agree that it would have maintained the honor of God, created the law in the eyes of His creatures, and generally promoted the well-being of the universe. But God chose another plan. Instead of punishing sin, He made a way for its forgiveness.

He made an exhibition before Heaven, earth and hell of the dignity of the law He had enacted, the importance of obedience to it, and the great

evil of breaking it, by giving His Son, Jesus Christ, to die on Calvary, and at the same time opened the gates of forgiveness to every son and daughter of Adam's race.

From that day to this no being anywhere has been able to say that it is a light matter to oppose God or to break His commandments. And yet on this cross there was the strongest assertion possible for any being to make, of the possibility of full and free forgiveness for every sinner who is willing to comply with the condition on which His bestowment is made to depend.

1. Now, what do we mean by "The Forgiveness of Sin"? I answer, "It is that act wherein God does for His Son on Saviour's sake fully and freely forgive all the sins of a man's past life, on the simple condition of repentance, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

You will see that this is not the covering up of sins with the good works of Jesus Christ, as some have thought. Neither does forgiveness consist in treating a man, for Jesus Christ's sake, as though he had never sinned; but, while regarding him as the guilty, hell-deserving sinner, he really is, it means the complete forgiveness of all the transgressions of which he has been guilty.

2. The forgiveness of sin is the definite act of God. It is a transaction that takes place between the soul and God Himself.

You cannot forgive your own sins. You may hate them, repent of them, and renounce them, all of which you ought to do, all of which you must do, but you cannot forgive them.

No other man or number of men can forgive your sins. Neither priest, nor church, nor officer, nor all the good people on the earth, nor all the angelic beings in Heaven, could forgive you, were they all to join hands together for that purpose. He only can forgive the sin against whom the sin has been committed. It is God Who forgives sin, and God alone.

The Bible Cannot Save You.

Some people seem to think that it can. They think that if you believe some words or text, or some doctrine taught in it, you

will be forgiven. That is a mistake. The most that the Scriptures can do is to point out the way of salvation. They can say, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" but only God can take the sins away; so, if you may not already do so, go to Him direct this very night, and let Him do this for you.

This is the doctrine of the Bible. The prophet Isaiah said, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." And John the Apostle wrote those wonderful words, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The publican in the Temple of whom Jesus Christ spoke did not call on either the priest or the congregation for forgiveness; he cried "God be merciful to me a sinner," and went home with his sins forgiven.

This doctrine is set forth and maintained by the testimony of holy men of God in all ages everywhere. Not only from the lips of the Psalmist, but throughout the Army in all lands you will hear men and women bear witness that they cried to the Lord, and He brought them out of the horrible pit, and

Set Your Feet on the Rock, and put a new song into their mouths, even praise and thanksgiving to God.

This is the doctrine, my comrades, of your own experience. You remember well when weighed down by your sins, and afraid of death and judgment and eternity on account of them, you sought deliverance from the Lord, and it was God Himself who came to your relief, and who spoke your sins forgiven. Every Salvationist should settle this truth deep and immovable in his soul. It will help him in the perplexities and difficult situations that lie before him, to remember that forgiveness is of the Lord. It is God that saves.

3. The forgiveness of sins is entire. That is to say, the act covers the whole of the wrong-doings of a man's past life. Some people feel that it is too much to expect God to forgive all their sins at once. Even when they have the courage to believe that God will forgive them at all, they cannot bring themselves to believe that it can be done all at once.

They think that God forgives sins in the same manner that some creditors forgive the liabilities of some poor debtor—that is, by drawing his pen through a few pages of the list

against him on one day, and a few more the next, and so on. In this way they imagine God deals with the long record of the evil doings of a sinner. Forgiving first, for instance, the sins of his youth, and then the sins of his early manhood, and so on to the end.

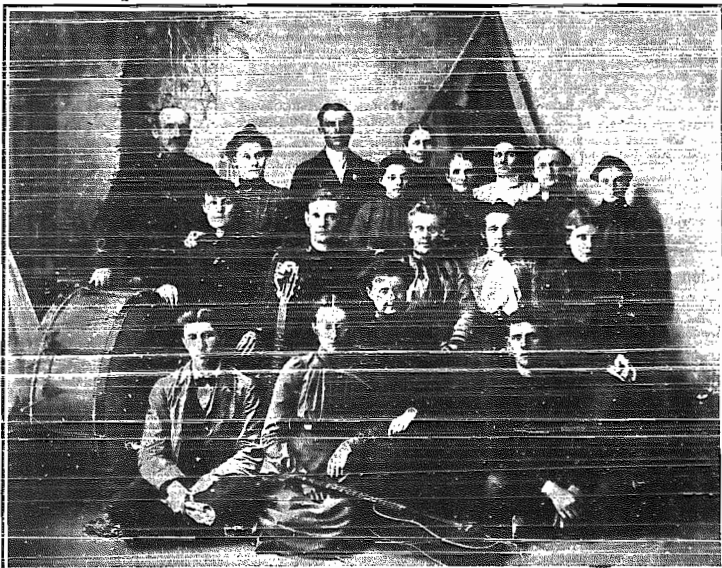
No, this is not our Father's way. As some old writer has it: "God's plan is not to cross out this lot of debts new, and another lot the day after, and another lot the day after that, but to turn the inkstand upside down on the record, blotting them out altogether."

Was not this the way the father forgave his prodigal son? Was there any doing the thing by halves there? Let us see. Did he say to the broken-hearted youth, "First, I shall forgive you all the naughty things you did before you went away, and then I will pardon the wretched things you did while you were away, and by-and-bye I will deal with the ingratitude you practised in refusing to come home when I invited you?" No, he ran to meet him, and putting his arms around him, took him to his heart and forgave all at one stroke.

Jesus Christ sees that earthly father's compassion and forgiveness to set forth before our eyes the compassion and forgiveness of our Heavenly Father. That is the way God pardons sins. Oh, my comrades, that is the way He pardoned you, and that is the way He pardoned me fifty-seven years ago, and that is the forgiveness of which I have the witness in my own heart to-night. I hope that every one of you have the witness of that blessed forgiveness in yours also. If not, if there should be one among you who has it not, now is the accepted time; behold, this is the night of salvation.

THE POWER OF PITY.

Heart calls up heart, as the first beacon spreads the contagion of fire over a mighty land. Not a tear is shed, or a sigh heaved, on behalf of the afflicted; not a kind look or a mite of charity is despatched to the destitute that is permitted, even in this world, to be vain. A spring rises in the desert, and in time vegetation comes and an oasis is formed, with sheltering shades and spontaneous fruits, where formerly nothing was to be seen but parched sand; even so does the well-spring of a kind and bountiful heart freshen and brighten the selfish waste around it, and thus at length is the whole Sahara of human society to be made green.



Part of Dauphin (Man.) Corps.



Canadian Cottings.

Residents in the Township of Buckingham are being terrified these days owing to the appearance of wolves. Every place where they are evoked by the howls of the savage and dreaded animals. On Sunday Fatish Cogrove and his neighbor had twelve lambs devoured by the beasts, and on Tuesday the slaughter was repeated.

The customs revenue for August was \$326,456, an increase over the same month last year of \$20,570.

Arvest Indian Head, N. W. T., an average yield of 30 bushels to the acre is estimated by the Globe's correspondent.

A big vein of natural gas was struck at Hepworth.

The supply of natural gas in Essex County is reported to be increasing.

Guelph is negotiating with the Paper-River Iron & Tube Company, of Montreal, to establish a large works in that city.

Henry Witt, Charles Hiltch, and Joseph Foster, law officers, were each fined fifty cents at the Hamilton Police Court for working on Sunday.

George Jacques, a seaman on the schooner E. B. Wade at Halifax, fell from the rigging to the deck, a distance of seventy feet, and the only injury he received was a broken nose.

Mr. CHAS. A. Spruehels, of New York, is in Montreal in connection with the organization of a Canadian company, with a capital of \$50,000, to exploit the ore process of sugar recently patented by Mr. Spruehels.

Mr. Alex. Hunter, of Bransell, took a mixture containing carbolic acid in mistake for medicine. He ran to a doctor's office, where he died.

Three tons of dynamite exploded in the storerooms at Dinorwic, Man. A lot of windows were smashed in the town, but no one was hurt.

Labour Day was generally observed throughout Canada, with big demonstrations at Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg, Toronto, Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Guelph, and Peterboro.

U. S. Siftings.

The Sultan of Mindanao, who was held as a hostage by the American forces at Camp Victoria, Island of Mindanao, attempted to escape from his quarters, and was shot and killed by a sentry. The Sultan had been arrested after the recent murders of American soldiers in Mindanao.

Edmond G. Vail, a blacksmith, was nominated for Congress by the Democratic Convention at Cleveland.

At Waco, Tex., two persons were killed, three fatally injured, and several others hurt by a train that was taken over an embankment by a tornado.

Fourteen mines are in active operation through the anthracite coal region, and they produce for shipment about 2,500 tons each day.

Strikers fired on the miners and hightmen at the Crane Creek, W. Va., colliery. Two guards and two strikers were killed, and several on each side wounded. Fighting also went on at Tamara, Pa.

A new disease, "soft coal eye," is epidemic in Philadelphia.

Nearly 20,000 cases of cholera are reported in the Philippines, with 20,000 deaths.

A big company to manufacture whiskey and wine in tablet form is being formed in Birmingham, N.Y.

A railway wreck on the southern road near Barry, Ala., one white man and twenty-five negroes were killed and several others injured.

Cattle in Texas are treated like beasts of the field, and shot down on the slightest pretext, according to the report of the State investigating committee.

Soldiers of the National Guards have terrified the striking coal miners in West Virginia by persuading men to quit work, and sharing their food with the families of the strikers.

British Briefs.

The English birth rate is declining. The British War Office is considering a plan to reduce the expenses of cavalry officers.

Twenty-three persons were seriously injured by a collision between two passenger trains at Glasgow.

Generals Botha, DeWet, and DeLarey have returned to London from the continent. They were accompanied by Mr. Fischer.

The Boer Generals have issued a statement declaring that there is no truth in the reports of differences between themselves and Mr. Kruger. Dr. Jeyds, and the Boer delegates in Europe.

Beginning Sept. 1st, the post offices of Great Britain will accept parcels for transmission to the United States. The various attempts of the British Government to conclude a parcel post arrangement with the United States having resulted in a failure, the British postal department has arranged this independent service.

The corporation of Dover, Eng., rejected a proposal to approach Mr. Carnegie for assistance for a public library.

Montagu Hoibell failed in his attempt to swim the English Channel, having to be taken out of the water about a mile from Dover.

International Items.

Beneficial rains are reported in India.

Queen Wilhelmina celebrated her 51st birthday.

The Foreign Legations at Peking have received reports that the rebellion is spreading in Szechuan Province.

Load noises and falling clinders, dust, and ashes point to another eruption of Mount Pelee.

The Belgian Humane Society will prosecute the organizers of the recent international cavalry races, for cruelty to horses.

The Dowager-Queen Margherita of Italy was arrested while driving in a motor car through a Swiss village, on suspicion of having stolen her carriage.

Colonel Trichard, formerly of the Boer army, and other South African delegates, are so satisfied with the result of their investigations in Macedonia that they are in communication with the Government of Great Britain for the concession of a large area of agricultural and pastoral lands in the neighborhood of Lake Issai. The French Government may consent on condition that the immigrants become naturalized and learn the French language. The Governor is favorable to the concession.

A great disaster is reported from the native State of Nepal. The Rivers Beghmati and Vishnumati overturned their banks and caused serious landslides in the Khannasau Valley. The cities of Bhairavi and Ghat Prata were greatly damaged, and several hundred persons were killed.

The Sultan recently agreed to repeal the exceptional measures adopted against the Armenians if the Armenian Patriarch would guarantee that no outbreak would follow. The Patriarchal Council accordingly sent and signed a document setting forth the loyalty of the Armenians, and promising tranquillity.

Experiments in wireless telephoning were successfully conducted between Samarkand and Kolberg, Pomerania, a distance of 105 miles.

Santos-Dumont is building an airship to carry eight persons.

Mr. James Kent states that the Pacific cable will be working between Canada and Australia by Christmas.

Sir Wilfred Laurier and Hon. W. A. Fielding were entertained at lunch by President Loubet, of France.

The Sheb has gone to Paris.

The Australian House of Representatives has rejected all the important suggestions made by the Senate for changes in the tariff.

Russia's industries are in bad shape, and many failures are reported.

An explosion occurred at Charenton-le-Pont on board the French submarine boat La Française. Several men were injured.

Signor Zanardelli, the Italian Premier, is seriously ill.

It is reported that 200 lives were lost by another eruption of Mount Pelee on a recent Saturday night.

A steaming engine crashed into a train conveying refugees to Johannesburg. The front cars were wrecked, and a number of women and children were killed.

The British transport Stanbury, sailed from Bermuda for Cape Town with 1,960 Boers, who had been prisoners in the detention camps on the islands.

Eighteen vessels were driven ashore in a gale at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. It is feared there has been some loss of life.

Territorial News.

We draw still nearer to the visit of our dear General. A few more weeks and he will be in our midst. Three ends of others in this Territory, he sides Salvationists, have learned to play the real, faith, and courage played for many years by our beloved leader. His life has been a constant inspiration to tens of thousands of Christ's followers the world over. Amid the responsibilities and perils of his position the General has ever kept his eyes upon the crown and the soul-saving purposes of this great organization. In this Territory the General will find proper blood and his devotion to the cause of Christ. He, the battle, who love the fight, the flag, and love their dear General as well. To be permitted to look again into his face, and hear from his own lips the words of blessing he will give, is a privilege that our hearts throughout this Territory will know well how to appreciate.

We are able to say this week the health of Lieut-Colonel Mrs. Reed is much improved. No one is looking forward to her return to Montreal, and the General himself. A continuance of the prayers of our comrades is asked for a complete restoration.

Here this is to print the new issue of Canada will be in Training. The new issue will be published in the hands fall during late weeks making the necessary preparations. Two new houses have been leased in addition to our own building on George St. for their accommodation. The new Training House in course of erection will be appreciated when ready, as will be imagined, the foundation of which is already laid.

City corps are making the most of the time before the Toronto Exhibition. Last Sunday was a picnic day. A very large crowd was present on the Temple, open-air and inside. One man kept in the open-air did for deliverance, and three others did the same in the inside meeting.

We have received numerous requests for songs to be published in the War Cry and would have our comrades be patient. We shall be pleased to comply with all the petitions on account of some of the songs are quite unknown to us. In any case, we shall, when possible, should be very fully written out and despatched with the request. We think we have a knowledge of songs, but to prove to know all the hymns in the universe would be egotistical.

London Camp's Victories.

(By Wire.)

Tremendous spiritual meetings at London. God's people rejoicing over victories won; officers and soldiers are most enthusiastic.

On Monday, Labour Day a great open-air demonstration was held at 2.15 p.m., followed by a meeting in the tent. Another open-air demonstration was conducted at 7 p.m. followed by a grand salvation meeting. Heavy crowds were made in the camp's ranks and since prisoners were captured for the day. These week-end meetings have been the best yet. Finances were most satisfactory. Over two hundred soldiers took part in the marches, and thirteen souls came forward—Major Whitham.



Great Britain.

We have the sad news that Ensign Andrews has just lost his father. Pray for the bereaved in this hour of trial.

Adj. Turpin, the J. S. Secretary for the Eastern Province, keeps on the move in the interests of the J. S. war. The Eastern Star to hand shows an extensive tour for him in the easterly part of the Province.

Capt. Stobbs, the Eastern Cashier, we are sorry to say, is in a very unsatisfactory state of health. It is hoped, however, that with care a few weeks will find her fully rested.

Major Turner paid a visit to the Eastern Province during his short furlough, and reports the salvation war as "a right" in that part of the Territory.

Three hundred and thirteen souls were saved in Army meetings in the Eastern Province during July.

Nearly sixty Cadets have been accepted for the next season of training. This large number of men and women offers their lives for the service of God in the ranks of the S. A. is extremely gratifying.

The children's Fresh Air Camp at Oakville is a thing of the past. Staff Capt. Creighton and his worthy helpers, who have toiled there during the last six weeks to do so much pleasure to so great a number of the poorest of Toronto's children, have graced Headquarters with their tired, but smiling, faces. A gentleman well informed, paying a visit to the camp a day previous to its breaking up, gave as his opinion that the whole enterprise was the best he had seen, and the same gentleman was an authority, for he had traveled far.

A very encouraging, as well as highly interesting, letter has been received from Adj. Dean, of Jamestown, N.D. From it the following extract has been given us:

"The country is looking splendid. H. F. will be O. K. this year. I have hope for our target, although there have been some heavy hail storms. Two weeks ago last Sunday, between five and six o'clock, it hailed—the first storm of the kind I have ever seen, and I have no desire to see another. Fancy seeing Lieutenant and I standing at the window holding pillows up to them to keep the hail from breaking the glass. The hail was as big as hen's eggs, and they stayed on the ground for fifteen or twenty minutes; the heat before the storm was terrible. It seemed very strange to me."

All the Headquarters Staff have now returned from their short, but extremely beneficial, furloughs, and are now overwhelmed with work in the interests of the salvation war in the Territory. Pale faces have disappeared and their complexions have become almost a nut-brown, which becomes them all admirably.

South Africa.

Commissioner Kilbey has been visiting the Diamond Fields and Mafeking, with encouraging results. In the latter famous little town he found that many of the marks of the siege had been obliterated, but not all. Several of the houses were perforated with holes not intended for ventilation, while the outside were strewn with empty cartridges. The old Army barracks have been so damaged by shell-fire during the siege that our comrades were obliged to find a new hall and a new change to say is the building. Under the superintendence of General Baden-Powell, defunct horses were turned into rich, meaty soup and marvelous sausages and brawn! It has been refilled up, and is now a center from which many hungry souls have found spiritual life and salvation. Hallelujah!

The Commissioner's meetings were attended by big audiences, including gaily armed soldiers, and ten souls surrendered to the King of Kings.

The Chalk Farm Band recently did something new. The British Cry tells us:

The bandmen of Chalk Farm, visited the Continent, did a grand tour by way of recreation, and returned to London last week after an absence of practically eleven days.

Traveling from Greenock, the band was given a splendid reception on arriving at Glasgow, the last stop of the tour, where the final meeting took place in the Glasgow City Hall.

Packed and crowded to the doors as it was, with people standing where they could, there was yet sufficient room for a display of Scottish Salvation enthusiasm, which somewhat surprised the more staid and sedate Englishmen.

A two-hours' musical evening was given by the bandmen, for so delighted was the huge audience that it was found necessary to supplement the usual nightly program. Rendered still more so, it was a considerable tax upon the players, and was a fitting conclusion to a unique and successful tour.

"The bandmen were 'welcomed home' by the soldiers of their corps on their return."

The Chalk Farm Band and its enterprising Bandmaster deserving credit for discovering a pleasurable and profitable way of spending a holiday. Let us hope they will have imitators.

Adj. Nalthe, well-known in Canada, and now in command of a corps in the States, is visiting England.

Two Field Officers—Lieut. Smith, of London, and Lieut. Melville, of Skipton—have been accepted for service in Italy, and leave at once for their new field of labor.

During four consecutive weeks Erskin Richards, of the Poultry Farm at the Laid and Industrial Colony, has been in South Africa alone with the value of \$625, \$420, \$400, and \$500 respectively.

United States.

Our first Scandinavian Social institution in America has just been opened—a home for the Scandinavian Brotherhood. It is a valuable addition to the properties of the Salvation Army, embracing, in addition to the Home, a beautiful large hall, with officers' quarters. The whole thing is in first-class style.

There are seventeen bedrooms, a large reading-room, and a very fine dining-hall, with kitchen. The large auditorium has a seating capacity of seven hundred persons.

This institution will certainly fill a pressing need, and will prove a harbor-light to our Scandinavian sailor-boys, who frequent this port in great numbers every week.

Australasia.

Fifty-nine Cadets were recently commissioned by Colonel Peart in Australia. Two lassie Cadets received marching orders for Java.

Colonel and Mrs. Estlin, at present in command of New Zealand, are under marching orders, and, with their family, will likely be sailing from Melbourne early in September for Paris at present unknown. Arrangements are being made whereby the Colonel will have an opportunity of conferring with the Foreign Secretary on his arrival in Melbourne, and he will, therefore, be present at the reception meeting. After this an early host will be caught for other parts.

Associated with Colonel Estlin's farewell the question of a successor naturally presents itself, and International Headquarters have agreed to the appointment of Lieut. Colonel Gilmour.

The Colonel has been identified with T. H. Q. in Melbourne for upwards of five years, during which time he has rendered the most faithful service.

The Colonel is an officer of long standing, and he will carry with his new appointment a varied experience which will be invaluable in the important post assigned to him.

Brigadier Saunders, of Australia, has been visiting England, and the following interview with him while at the centre of Army operations will be found exceedingly interesting:

"So you have enjoyed your visit to the Old Land?"

Brigadier Saunders smiled genially. "Enjoyed it? My word! It has been an unspeakable pleasure. And I have got to know the Army, in the few weeks I have been here, as I never could have known it in Australia."

"The last time I saw the Army in the Old Land was in 1878."

"It was when the old Christian Mission name was dropped, I came up from Bradford with a spiritual factor, Commissioner Dowd, as a delegate to the conference. That was the first time I saw the Chief, or Mrs. General, Booth, or any of our leaders. With the exception of the General, now I return, and it is all so immense. The advance, to me, is so marked, and the development so tremendous, that it simply overcame me. And whatever may have said about it, I see the same grand old principles of salvation—the theme which caught my ear and won me to God—still at the bottom of the enterprises which have come along in the years since I have intervened. Name and methods have been changed, but the old idea remains, and we can still write as our motto, 'The World for Christ.' It's the same thing I came from."

Brigadier Saunders has seen a great deal of all that is to be seen in Army circles in this country, and also much on the continent, and he does not, as a rule, go about with his eyes shut. I asked him what had the greatest impression upon his mind during his visit.

"Well," he said, with deliberation, "I have seen a good many sights. I know we were doing a great work in the various countries in which our flag is flying, but I had no conception of the greatness of it until I saw it with my own eyes. The thing that impressed me most, however, was the work in Sweden, in Stockholm and elsewhere. We naturally look for crowds and enthusiasm when the General is in English-speaking countries. Believe me, we have something still to learn to great meetings in the woods in Stockholm was an eye-opener to me. It was perfectly indescribable. As for the meeting in Amsterdam, fully two thousand people sat in the rain, listening to a General, while he walked in some places, half-way up to their knees, as unconcerned as though it were an every-day occurrence."

"We are fond enough of water in Australia, and we want to try badly indeed, but I don't think we could get our people to go as far as that."

"It was astonishing enough that they should have sat there. They did more. They came out and knelt down in the rain to seek salvation, and Comrades, Colonels, and Brigadiers stretched around in the slush, and helped them into the Kingdom."

"You've seen the Social Work, Brigadier?"

"Yes. I did not spend much time looking through the Rescue Homes—not enough, I am afraid, to pass an opinion; but what I did see was very wonderful."

"The men's Social Work impressed me as being a real live thing. Nineteenth of the men who have been elevated, so they told me, are now earning an honest livelihood."

"The workshops and the Shelters interested me the most, the former because of my own work, and the latter because they seem to meet the

need of the class which, as the General says, stands most in need of assistance."

"The Farm Colony I visited several times. It is a most valuable property and it was grand to see the men at work on the land. We want fellows like those I saw in Australia."

"That reminds me. London never seems to have done growing. You see bricks and mortar everywhere. Why don't the people emigrate to the Land of the Southern Cross?"

"The mail-train was ready to start. 'Everybody Camp kind, from the General and the Chief, with whom I had interviews, down to the Saviour Orderly. In the Army, at any rate, there is universal brotherhood."

"I am going back to Australia, with a stronger faith in the future of the Salvation Army, in this end all lauds."

"You must be sorry to return, Brigadier, after all you have seen?"

"A waving hand out of the carriage window as the train moved down the station, round the curve at the end of the platform, and disappeared from sight, was all I got by way of reply."

India.

From India's Cry we gather the following items of interest:

"Diyatalva Camp kind, from the Boers, have had a number who have given their hearts willingly to God. Capt. Grose has had the pleasure of paying a visit to this lovely place, and has experienced a time of victory."

The latest remarkable conversion at the G. C. M. S. Mission camp is that of a Buddhist fortune-teller, he is applying to come into the work.

The British field is still giving to foreign missions. Capt. Bancroft, a soldier of the G. C. M. S. Mission, has millions, sailed for Bombay last week, and Capt. Meyer, of the Women's Social Work, left for the same country on the same boat.

After five years' toil and fighting, we have now got eleven schools in the heart of Madras, where the youngest is taught to read the Scriptures. God is wonderfully using our schools to His glory. Recently special Judgment Meetings were arranged in Madras Town, and they were the best on record. About 10,000 people were present; all the soldiers and teachers were red-hot; much enthusiasm and power were present in truth. The comrades had been praying all the week for an outpouring of God's Spirit, and were not disappointed.

Japan.

The latest issue of the Toki-no-Koye (War Cry) to hand is a special Rescue Home for women. A Rescue Home was opened at Tokyo, and a wide-spread agitation began against the white slavery in which the Japanese fallen girls were held, resulting in an Imperial ordinance making it possible for the girls to leave the licensed quarters, and renounce her life of shame whenever she wished to do so. The statistics gathered by a clergyman show that during the last twelve months, since the ordinance has been issued, no less than twenty-five per cent, or 12,000 of these girls, have left the houses of infamy.

Our Rescue Home has received 64 of these girls, sent in to situations or friends, assisted 24 to become married, proving only four as unsatisfactory. Colonel and Mrs. Rutland, of Japan, have been passing through much sorrow of late. Not long ago Mrs. Rutland lost her father, and now comes the news of the death of the Colonel's mother. In the midst of the Colonel is suffering seriously with his eyes. We are sure that both he and his wife may rely upon the sympathy and prayers of our readers.

Belgium.

Belgium is advancing under Brigadier and Mrs. Malins. Commissioner Cosandey has just conducted the Belgium Field Day, at which a stirring message from the General was read and responded to by a telegram of hearty, loyal greeting.

FROM CORPS AND CAMPS.

Rebuilding the Barracks

Campbellford.—Captain Clarke has undertaken to rebuild the barracks, and has succeeded so far as to get the porch rebuilt and the outside of the barracks painted. A great improvement has been made. We have had a visit from Adjutant Moore, who gave us a very interesting meeting; also our G.B.M. Agent, Captain Poole, who accompanied us to our picnic, where we had an enjoyable time. May God bless the children, and roll on our work.—R.C.

Over the Line.

Channel.—We are glad to say, though we have been silent for some time, we are still pushing the battle forward. We have had good crowds at our meetings during the past few weeks, and our Lunenburg friends have helped us very well. Sunday was a soul-reviving day. Though a storm of wind and rain was raging in the forenoon, the afternoon and night were glorious. As we prayed and sang the Lord came very near, and our prayers were answered. One of our Lunenburg comrades stepped over the line, and found pardon through the blood. May God add His blessing and send us many more volunteers for the fight.—S.M. W.G.

Happy Irish Sample.

Charlottetown.—Adjutant and Mrs. Crichton left on Wednesday, the 13th, followed by our prayers for victory in far-off Bermuda. Our new leaders arrived the same evening. They are Adjutant and Mrs. Dowell and Captain Tatem. Besides Miss and Sister Belmont of Halifax. The Adjutant's happy Irish sample of religion is a new thing, and the crowd pronounces it good. He spoke Sunday night on "The Vacant Chair." Four souls came to Jesus, making seven for the ten days. Two open-air at Hotel Davies. Candidate Thompson resting. Ensign and Mrs. Fred Knight back to the front. Mrs. Davis, of Sydney, still here. Flying visit from Staff. H. F. right on.—H.

Great Improvements.

Cobourg.—We are having beautiful meetings. Our new officers, Captain and Mrs. Fudge, are doing a good work here. The Lieutenant who has been with us has said farewell and taken another corps. Captain Fudge gave a lantern service, entitled, "Pleading for a Life," which was one of the best the Captain has given in Cobourg. Our crowds are increasing, and the collections are keeping well up to the mark. The barracks has been visited a few times since we arrived, and new officers and we are making great improvements all around.—A. Hornbeck, R.C.

From the Old Country.

Dartmouth.—Treasurer Ritchie has returned from England better saved than ever. Captain Kirk and Lieutenant Wood are all right for Dartmouth. We thank God for three souls who sought and found the Saviour since last report. God is with us, and many are convinced of sin. I cannot see us flying will seek salvation soon.—W.C. Sergt-Major Mercer.

The Barracks was Packed.

Dovercourt.—On Monday, Aug. 18th, at our tea-room social, the Barrack court was packed to the doors with an audience of about 250 people. Adjutant Atwell was present, ably performing the duties of chairman. Mrs. Atwell gave a short address. Captain Meeks captivated the audience with a few interesting remarks. Captain Stolliker sang a solo in the Hindoo language. Adjutant Ogilvie spoke pointedly, and Brother Church sang "I cannot see the dear old face." As usual, the selections of the Ibbotson family were much appreciated. Lieut. Minnes, recently stationed here, sang two solos, and gave a short address. Captain

Wadge and Lieutenant Clark are tolling faithfully in this place.—Ole Olson.

Fight and Win

Dresden.—We are having blessed times in our meetings. The soldiers in our good spirits, and God is blessing our efforts. We have good crowds, good collections, and, best of all, sinners are coming to the blood. On Sunday we had grand meetings, and finished up at night with three souls kneeling at the cross. There was deep conviction in the meetings. We are going on to fight and win.—Maddie Lavis, Lieutenant.

Farewell.

Eastport.—Lieutenant Newell farewell from us on Sunday for St. John, N.B. The Lieutenant is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist, and we are sorry to lose her. She has our prayers and best wishes.—C. A. Gilman.

Off for the United States.

Essex.—On Sunday we were relieved by Adjutant and Mrs. Dodd, who are on their way to an appointment in the U.S.A. The Adjutant spoke words of cheer and encouragement in the holiness meeting, and one young man came out and made a full surrender to God. There was a good spirit in the afternoon and night meetings, and one sister, who was a backslider, came home. Many others were under deep conviction, but would not yield. We are still praying for them.—E. Williams, Captain.

Three Sought Pardon.

Fenelon Falls.—We have had the pleasure of a visit from Sergt-Major Botterill, of Yorkville, who was with us over Sunday. We appreciated his help very much. Two girls were sought and found pardon on Sunday night. On Wednesday we had our J. S. Picnic at Sturgeon Point, and everyone enjoyed themselves. On Sunday last, after a hard battle, one young man volunteered for pardon. We are believing for others.—Shorty.

Victory after Smallpox.

Faversham.—Owing to smallpox the Faversham Circle has been without officers for some time; but through the zeal of the comrades the war has been carried on, and meetings have been held at the various appointments with some degree of success. The long-looked-for doctor has arrived in the person of Ensign Brant, who is assisted by Brother Agnew. The first Sunday's meetings were well attended. A profitable time was spent in the afternoon at Lady Bank, fair congregations attended the meetings at Faversham and Henderson's Corners. At the latter place one backslider came back to the fold. We are believing for a soul-saving time during our stay here, and with prayer, faith and works we shall come off victorious.—T. A.

No, Never Alone.

Gooseberry Island.—Since the Cry readers last heard from us Lieutenant



S.A. Barracks and Officers' Quarters, Dillon, Mont.

ant Oldford has farewelled and gone to the Shelter. Someone says, "Moore is alone again." No, he is not. God is with him, giving him victory. We have had the joy of seeing ten precious souls getting deliverance since last report. Read Psalm 1, 534.—Moore.

A Farewell and Good Beginning.

Halifax 1.—On Tuesday night we held a united meeting and tea-room social, it being the occasion of the final farewell of Adjutant and Mrs. Dowell and Captain Tatem. A number spoke of the Adjutant's work and minister while in this city and district. We wish them much success in their new appointment, Charlotte, P.E.I. On Thursday night we gave our new officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Jennings and Captain Hawthold a welcome. A good crowd was in attendance. The officers made a favorable impression, and we believe they will be successful in leading on the corps to victory. On Friday night five souls sought deliverance from all sin. We had a good day on Sunday with two souls at the cross, fair crowds, and good collections. The War Cry are sold out.—William Casbin, Treas.



Public School, Dillon, Mont.

Coronation Meetings.

Hamilton, Her.—God is still keeping His soldiers fighting in this part of the field. We had good meetings on Coronation Day, and one soul came out in the afternoon. We had a nationally meeting at night. Captain Prince and some of the comrades from St. George's, were with us. All the officers, and some of the comrades, represented different countries. Captain Prince spoke on the text, "Go ye into all the world," and while the streets were thronged with people listening to the military bands, all who spent their evening in the Salvation Army had better and more lasting satisfaction. Our D.O., Adjutant Graham, is an out-and-out hard working Salvationist. Her whole heart and soul are in her work, and there is a warm place in the hearts of the people for her. We pray God will continue to bless her, and crown her labor with success.—A. Soldier.

A Revival Started.

Little Bay Island.—We are having glorious times. Since last report one soul sought the blessing of a clean heart, and two young men came out for salvation. Our Sergt-Major has been home for a little time. While he was absent the Lord blessed us in many ways. Splendid crowds attend our meetings, considering the number of people who are away for so many years, and a revival has started. Lieutenant Skinner works hard for souls.—2. Oxford, C.C.

Corps-Cadet's First Appearance.

London.—On Thursday evening, in spite of the absence of the band and the commanding officer, quite a number turned up to hear the Corps Cadets, as they made their first appearance in public. The band, with Adjutant Goodwin, went to help the comrades at St. Thomas with a special meeting. Mr. Merritt, who has just been transferred from Band of Love's Sergt-Major to Corps Cadet Sergeant, was appointed, with his cadets, to lead the meeting. Our numbers were

rather small in the open-air, but a big crowd greeted us inside. The Cadets, numbering six, each had a special work to do, and did very well for the first time. We expect to increase in the future. Mr. Merritt has shown his whole soul into his new work, and we believe will do all we can to instruct and equip us, that we may go forth as soul-winners. He is a firm believer in the salvation of the Master, and delights to work among them. The camp meetings are about to start here, and we are believing for a revival. You will be hearing from us later about this.—A Corps Cadet.

Three Comrades Farewelled.

Midland.—We are glad to report victory, praise God! On Sunday three of our comrades farewelled from our midst. They will be missed very much. They are always ready to do for us. They could for the Master. Stephens is appointed treasurer, to fill the vacancy left by Brother O. Craig. Three souls sought the Lord on Sunday night, and we are believing for greater victories in the future.—C. C. Bone.

From the Klondike.

Missoula.—On Monday night our hearts were made to rejoice over two more backsliders returning unto the Lord. Many more are under conviction, and we are still praying and believing for a bountiful harvest of souls. On Sunday night we gave Captain Wilcox, who has arrived from the Klondike, a hearty welcome. We pray that she may be a blessing to us.—J.H.F. R.C.

A Blessed Day.

Musgravetown.—Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. Although there was a little storm in the afternoon, yet we held on and did our best. At night God came very near, and at the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing one backslider return to the fold. On Tuesday night we had with us Sergt-Major White from Catalina.—Common Sense.

A Good Effect.

Orillia.—God is giving us victory. Adjutant Ogilvie spoke on us on Sunday night. One soul sought salvation, our open-air, and the meeting had effect on the town, and we are believing for greater victories.—Thos. Scarr, Lieutenant.

Nine Years' Wanderings.

Nelson.—Since Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn have been here we have had nice meetings, and one, who has been a backslider over nine years, has been won for the Master. We had a very fine "Baptism of the Holy Spirit" Picnic, when about sixty of the little ones sat down and did justice to the good things that were provided for them. Several of the senior soldiers helped all their could to make it a success. Altogether we had a real good time, and I believe everyone enjoyed themselves. I just managed to get there before it was all over, and it did me good to see the little ones so happy. The picnic was a success. The food was delicious, and much enjoyed. We are still praying that God may bring the little ones to Himself.—White Wings.

Converts Taking their Stand.

North Bay.—Prayer and faith to bring the victory. The fight has been somewhat hard, but victory has come at last. During the past week we have had the joy of seeing eight precious souls surrender themselves to God, I praise His name! Yesterday we had a good day. In our holiness meetings two young men sought Christ, and again in the night meeting one young man came to the Saviour. God's love was manifest in the salvation of three others, one of whom was a backslider. The comrades are all on fire, and the converts are taking their stand both on the platform and in the open-air. We are believing for a revival of God's work in our midst.—E. M.

He Will Guide You.

Weaville.—We were glad to have Staff-Capt. Howell with us for Saturday and Sunday. His visit was greatly enjoyed. One Senator and two Juniors came to Jesus. God bless them! Our deepest sympathy goes out to our comrade, Secretary Patterson, whose mother has passed away to the better land. She will be missed in the home, but our Father Who cares for the little sparrow and notes each tiny flower will watch over the bereaved one and guide their footsteps as each day begins. How nearer the home where mother awaits their coming.—B. and W.

Always on the Move.

Ottawa.—The Salvation Army is always on the move to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God. This is so with the Ottawa Corps. We have had a rousing musical meeting. Instrumental and vocal solos were given by the different comrades. A large crowd was present and enjoyed themselves very much, especially when the brass band and ice cream were served. Ensign Bloss has just visited the district, and Lieut. Soward has arrived to assist. On Sunday the brass band, with Ensign Bloss, visited Richmond, a place about twenty miles from here, and held two rousing salvation meetings. The hall was packed, and a deep interest was taken in the services. The meetings here were conducted by Ensign Bloss, assisted by Lieut. Soward and Sergeant Webber. We had a rich and blessed time to our souls as we scattered the Salvation seed, and many souls were deeply convicted.—A. French, Cor.

Husband and Wife Saved.

Perry Sound.—Since leaving this place I thought a few words in regard to the work here would be of interest. During the few weeks I spent here, in spite of the difficulties that arose on account of the different comrades being away, God blessed our efforts, and we have been able to rejoice over two near souls seeking salvation, husband and wife, who were Salvationists some years ago. They have returned to their post and taken up the cross where they laid it down. It was my privilege to dedicate Maulla, the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Hiram Whitesides, to God and the Army. The people were very kind, and I believe this is the first time that the Perry Sound comrades will not be able to rejoice over converts at the cross. May God bless them and the new officers in their future work.—J. Carpenter, Captain.

"Everything's Up."

Pitiley's Island.—Hello! What's up now at Pitiley's Island? I hear someone saying a while ago that the Salvation Army was dying out in that place.

"Dying out? Oh, no! This is a lively Corps. If you could have seen the soldiers last night you would have thought so, too."

Why, what's up?

"Oh, everything's up. Coronation has come at last, and we have had a blessed time. Although it was a little wet, we had showers of blessing, which must naturally follow the united efforts of a band of men and women whose hearts God has touched and filled with His love. After a long march we vended our way to the hall. Our banners were very appropriate and patriotic, one of them being 'God Save the King.' Just as we were nearing the Court House the Captain ordered a halt, and the National Anthem was played with the concert and flute. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Wm. Garland, Sub-Collector and J.P., gave a stirring address and spoke for the Army. May God richly bless him! Three cheers were given for the King, Queen and country. Our inside meeting was all that could be desired. Our beloved Captain gave a running comment on the S.A. work in foreign lands. The hall was packed to excess, and the finances were good. Captain Brace and Lieutenant James are alive to the possibilities of this place, and are determined on some big advances this summer.—Ohs. V. Tilley.

At Rondeau Park.

Ridgeway.—Wednesday, August 20, was the day set apart for our annual picnic at the Rondeau Park, some seven miles away. Although the

morning was not very bright, and rain was threatening, nevertheless quite a number met at the barracks at eight o'clock, and at half past eight some forty-six Seniors and Juniors started off for their outing. We all enjoyed ourselves, as the day turned out fine. We met the officers and comrades from Blenheim, and went in to make a lively time for the little ones—and they had it. We are having good times in our Corps. The Lord is indeed with us, and we believe souls will be brought to God. Harvest Festival is now on, and we are going in to make it a grand success. You will hear from us later.—S. O. H., C.O.

Convicted and Converted.

Seal Cove.—The past week has been one of blessing to our souls. On Sunday much of God's power was felt, and sinners were convicted of sin. On Wednesday night God came to our help, and a dear sister cried for mercy. On Thursday night we had a blessed time. Adj. J. Goelling, our wayfarer, and three other officers of the District were with us. We had an enrolment and dedication. Sinners were convicted and our own souls blessed.—M. N., C.O.

Showers of Blessing.

Seikrik.—We are still having good times here, and God is blessing our efforts. We had Lieut. Bristol and Bro. Bowring from Winnipeg for specials the last week-end, and although the weather was unfavorable the windows of heaven were opened and the blessing of God was showered upon us all. We are going in to get a greater hold upon God, and are believing to see His work revived.—Lieut. W. J. Mansell.

A Good School.

South-West Arm.—We are having good times here, and souls are getting saved. We had a grand time on Sunday, from seven in the morning until the meeting closed at night. One soul sought salvation. The soldiers are all on fire. We are getting on well with the day school. God bless Captain Cave! We are believing for greater victory through the blood of Christ.—Annie Elsworth.

Blessings Through the War Cry.

Shearstown.—During the past two weeks two souls have sought and found pardon. Although many of our comrades are away and the work is a little hard here during the summer, yet we believe through much prayer and faith and hard work many will be won for the Master. The people of Shearstown are very much interested in the War Cry and Young Sol-

dier. One lady bought a War Cry and Young Soldier, and when she read the story of "What a Song Did," she said, "Captain, be sure and keep the next one for me." Another lady said "Captain, I've often been blessed through reading the War Cry." You can depend upon me, Mr. Editor, doing my best to push the War Cry.—L. Hobbitt, Captain.

Ten at the Mercy-Seat.

Springhill.—We are having wonderful times, and souls are getting saved. On Sunday, Aug. 10th, Ensign and Mrs. Cooper and Lieut. Parsons fared well. We wish them success in their new appointment. On Thursday, the 14th, at 6.30 p.m., Ensign and Mrs. Williams arrived, and we had a heavy welcome. On Friday we had the pleasure of seeing ten souls at the mercy-seat. God is wonderfully blessing us. We are having large crowds, and are looking forward for greater things in the near future.—Serg. W. R. Grant.

London League of Mercy.

Last Thursday night an unusually interesting meeting was held in the Citadel under the auspices of the League of Mercy sisters. For some time past the sisters have been busy making a fancy quilt, which they intended to sell, devoting the proceeds to help them in their work.

In connection with the sale of the quilt a special programme had been arranged. Mr. John Merritt, an honorary member of the League, took the chair. The League of Mercy sisters, eight in number, were all dressed in their blue uniform and hallelujah bonnets, and in addition wore white sashes, making a very pretty effect indeed. They looked like veritable angels of mercy, and no doubt have proved themselves such as they have visited the poor and suffering in our city.

They took the head of the march, led by Adj. Goodwin, who also wore a white sash and carried a small white banner with a red cross in the centre.

An appreciative audience had gathered in the Citadel, where short addresses were given by several members of the League. The first to speak was Mrs. Jarvis, known in the League as "Lieutenant" Jarvis. Lieutenant Jarvis is one of the most faithful workers in this branch of our work, visiting regularly the different institutions of the city. Mrs. Ford, another enthusiastic worker, also told of the good work God was enabling

them to do. Mrs. Ford takes a particular interest in visiting the jail. Mrs. Norfolk gave a short reading, and then the "Captain" of the League was called upon. Mrs. Andrews was greeted with a rousing volley as she stepped forward, looking ten years younger in her hallelujah bonnet, so her husband, the Sergeant-Major, declared. She rightly deserves the title of "Captain," given her by her colleagues. In winter or summer, sunshine or rain, "Captain" Andrews is at her post of duty, visiting the different homes in the city, and with her motherly smile and "God bless you," bringing cheer to many a downcast soul.

Neither Ford delighted the audience with a song, as in his own original style. He was loudly encored. Adj. and Mrs. Orchard, who were in the city for a few days, were present. Mrs. Orchard gave a very realistic recitation entitled "Over the Hills to the Forbushes," and was enthusiastically applauded. Adj. Goodwin sang an original song, composed by herself for the occasion. Major McMillan, who was present incognito, closed the meeting with prayer. After the meeting ice cream and cake were served. A good sum was realized out of the proceeds of the quilt and meeting, which was passed over to the League of Mercy fund.

"Lost in Sight of the Golden Gate."

Stratford.—They are hurrying for the front seas. This is what an observer would have said had he stood on the street on Sunday at 8 p.m. Staff-Capt. Munton with his fine vocal talent, Staff-Capt. Burditt with his sledge-hammer blow, and Capt. Urquhart with his musical talent, had succeeded in gathering the largest open-air attendance seen here for years. The meetings all day on Sunday were significant of the power from on high. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time, and the afternoon meeting closed with one prisoner of war—a beautiful case of contrition and assurance. At the night meeting Staff-Capt. Burditt's subject was "Lost in Sight of the Golden Gate," his portrayal of Agrippa having a telling effect upon the audience. When the prayer meeting commenced four young people sought and found the Saviour. The specials leave to-morrow (too soon). The work has just commenced, and we wish they would stay another week. Stratford is determined to fight on.—Josh. Bateman, S-M.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors.



Members of League of Mercy, London, Ont., Adjutant Goodwin in Charge.

EASTERN HARVESTERS.

Marvelous Times at St. John III.—
Seventy-Two at the Cross.

The St. John III. comrades have been especially noted throughout the East for their earnestness and zeal in the ranks of the Salvation Army. When the Army opened fire at this end of the city some seventeen years ago it would almost appear that the devil was having full charge, especially of the young folks. Many young men and women seemed to be going headlong to hell, in spite of the efforts of their Christian parents. The Army uniform and marching attracted their attention and drew them in off the streets, and amid much opposition the Army fought its way through until to-day this is one of the best Corps in the East. It has a good number of soldiers and many friends, and there is a grand opportunity for God and the salvation of souls.

It was at this Corps that the troops, led on by Eosign McElheney, who is so well known and so much respected here, had the privilege of fighting for about fifteen days and witnessing some marvelous conversions.

Our opportunities were many, consequently the responsibility great. On a much-needed rest, the local officers and soldiers rallied to our help. In spite of the hot weather and the many outside attractions, the barracks was nicely filled on several occasions, there being two thousand and one hundred and seventy people at the seventeen indoor meetings. The soldiers deserve much credit for the way in which they came out to the open-air meetings, there being an attendance of five hundred and eighty-six at twenty-four meetings. God wonderfully blessed us in those meetings. Many hardened sinners were broken up, backsliders felt their need of Christ, and thanks be to God, we had the joy of seeing forty-six souls seeking salvation and twenty souls. The city authorities are very kind indeed in permitting the Army to hold open-air meetings in the Brockwood ark. We therefore grasped the opportunities, and made the best of them in the interests of God's Kingdom, holding an open-air meeting at the Park each Sunday afternoon, and also one on Coronation Day. These open-air are proving a great blessing to many souls, and the salvation of some, praise God. We air meetings on Cobourg street, on the Saturday nights.

The Corps is in a good condition, and we bespeak a successful stay for Eosign and Mrs. W. Thompson, the new officers, who have just taken charge. We are all very much blessed and encouraged, and desire to thank all the friends for their kindness to us while here. May the Lord continue to bless the Corps. We now say good-bye to No. III. and start our campaign at No. I—Farmer Tom.

ton, and St. George's Corps journeyed down to take part in it.

The Nationality Meeting.

While everyone was celebrating the crowning of King Edward, the Salvation Army determined to make a special effort to impress the crowds with the claims of the King of Kings, and get them to crown him King of their hearts and lives. A Nationality meeting was arranged, and various people told off to represent different countries and appear in appropriate costumes. The police had warned them not to march along the chief street, as they feared a disturbance might take place, and though the band would not go, yet no one could object to their walking along the streets in their costumes. So Misses Japan, India and Canada, and Mr. John Bull, walked quietly along Front St., and by-and-by were joined by a quaint couple who represented Uncle Sam and Fräulein Germany. They attracted a good deal of attention as they passed through the crowds, and presently the band met them and an open-air was held, and everyone invited to come into the hall for indoor meeting.

The platform contained many

Queer-Looking People

that night, and it augured well for a more interesting time. To commence with, five young ladies representing Japan, Germany, Ireland, Canada and India stood up with flags in their hands, and said that they meant to fight and to live and die for Jesus. Then Uncle Sam rose and spoke of the work of the Army in the United States, and from his account it would appear that the Army is going as well there. Mrs. Sam and a cooie from the States were joined by a quiet about the old Corps that brought them to the fold. The cooie knows how to play a guitar. The fraulein from the Fatherland sang her national air and spoke of her country. She was quite enthusiastic about the Junior brass band in Berlin, which was a thing she thought no other country could boast of.

"Oh, but see what a musical nation the Germans are!" said the D.O. "We could do with more brass in India," murmured the Hindoo.

A Boer from the Orange Free State came forward holding a British flag in his hand, and sang a solo in Dutch. He spoke of his firm determination to become an Army officer and preach salvation to his countrymen when he got back to South Africa. The lady from the land of the maple spoke of that country, and would have liked to speak all night if she had been allowed, but the stern D.O. limited her to brief account. The Hindoo gave a description of work in India, from which it would seem that Army officers are limited in their dietary to curry and rice. Monsieur Francis solaced in his own way, but nobody could sing the chorus except the D.O., who has been in the French-Canadian work. The colleen from Erin's Isle thought that Irish people were very war-hearted, and she hoped they would all give their hearts to God. John Bull, perambulator, went through the heat and being wrapped in a large Union Jack, spoke briefly on England, and the meeting was concluded by the five aforesaid lassies singing "Round, Round the World."

HOLINESS!

WHAT IT IS AND IS NOT.

If sin may be called the disease of the soul or heart, then salvation means the cure of it, and holiness the making whole—wholesome—of the heart.

There is much silly and obscure talk about holiness. Many books suppose to explain it only muddle the reader and get him into a hopeless tangle.

Holiness, in the first place, is not perfection. It was never meant to stand for it. A very imperfect man may be holy.

Holiness is not a state in which it becomes impossible to sin. The choice of obeying God is our own; moment by moment we may obey or disobey.

Holiness does not save us from temptations, which generally come with fiercer power at times to a saint than to the sinner.

Holiness does not save us from making mistakes of judgment at times, although it lessens mistakes.

Holiness does not prevent the devil from suggesting evil thoughts in a subtle way which makes it appear that the thought arose within the heart. If the suggestion is repulsed and the mind rejects such evil thoughts, neither dwelling nor acting upon them, then such thoughts become powerless to harm or stain our soul.

Holiness ever strives after perfection, seeking to work out the image of Christ in thought, word, appearance and action.

Holiness is a state where sin is quickly recognized, and in which there is no predisposition to sin; therefore sin is avoided easier.

Holiness helps us to triumph over temptation; in the fiercest assault it finds an effective weapon in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

Holiness quickens our judgment and helps us to see clearer and understand easier.

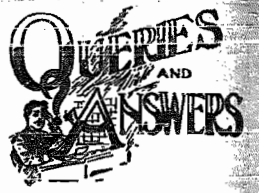
Holiness mediates upon spiritual things, delights in the law of God, and seeks to fully grasp God's messages.

Holiness makes a man to live a spiritual life in a natural way, and not in a forced, lifeless manner.

Holiness helps a man to enjoy religion instead of enduring it.

WALKED WITH GOD.

"Enoch walked with God" (Gen. v., 22, 24). This means that Enoch accorded with God. "Can two work together except they be agreed?" (Amos iii., 3.) Holiness means harmony with God. A holy walk is the habit of agreeing with God. To walk in the light, as God is in the light, signifies an identity in the essential element of our daily habit with the essential element of God's eternal being—which is holiness. Thus do we realize unbroken fellowship with Him. And thus do we perpetually experience cleanness from all sin. Enoch had this experience child and lived this life upon earth for three hundred years before his translation. The Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, says that "Enoch pleased God for three hundred years." To walk with God means, according to the Hebrews, to please Him. So in the New Testament epistle to the Hebrews we are told of this Old Testament saint that "before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God."



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer inquiries about news and regulations, different subjects of Doctrine, as far as it is necessary for the general growth of the cause. We will also answer questions about the various troubles and perplexities, or regarding points of interest to the majority of readers. Write unobscurely. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter. If you enclose postage stamps, we would not use your name in print, but all inquiries should give their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

Sister N.: Question.—Why should an individual of mature years and saved from sin not be able to read even doubtful books without harm to her, if she can learn by it to understand life better. Is not the mind meant to choose that which is good out of a book?

A.: To keep your mind pure you must avoid reading anything that would make it unholily. Impure reading suggests impure thoughts; impure thoughts produce impure conversation; impure conversation entices impure acts. To keep your mind pure avoid reading:

I. Sensational newspapers which give into the revolting details of crimes.

II. Any book which has no other object than to interest and amuse, and is simple.

III. We strongly recommend that every Corps have a library for the use of soldiers and friends, and that only such books as are approved of by a thoroughly competent person or by T.H.Q. be used.

THE CHRISTIAN SHAREHOLDER.

A certain mining company was coming to grief. The shareholders would sustain very heavy losses. Among them was one much liked for his genial ways and kindness of heart. One who was in the secrets of the company determined to advise him to sell out. He went to see him and hinted that it would be to his advantage to sell quickly.

"Why?" asked Mr. N. "Well, you know, the value of the mines is greatly depreciated."

"When I bought the shares I took the risk."

"Yes, but now you should take the opportunity of selling while you can, so as not to lose anything."

"And supposing I don't sell, what then?"

"Then you will probably lose all you have."

"And if I do sell somebody else will lose instead of me?"

"Yes, suppose."

"Do you suppose Jesus Christ would sell out?"

"That is hardly a fair question. I suppose He would not."

"I am a Christian," said Mr. N., "and I wish to follow my Master."

He did not, and soon after lost everything, and had to beguile life again; but when men in that part want to point out a Christian, they know where to find one.—The Inland.

Seven Souls for the Week.

St. John II.—And is indeed with us. Three precious souls came to Jesus last night, making seven for the week. Some of them have already taken their place in our ranks. Since last report we had our picnic, which the next before was the Harvest Festival. We have only seventy dollars to get. Brigadier Sharp is a generous hearted son, God bless him! We are going to get our seventy, all right!—R. Cran, Secy.

Coronation-Day at Bermuda.

We were very pleased to have the Rev. Mr. Brown, of the A.M.E. Church, on our platform at St. George's on Monday night. Our reverend brother is a lover of the Army, having seen its operations in the West Indies, and also having read a good deal about its work. He chose his text from the Book of Joshua, "She bound the scarlet thread in the window," and in an earnest and eloquent address urged the people present to seek salvation through the Blood of Christ. The Captain had arranged a meeting for Thursday, which she styled "A Week of Salvation." The meeting was on the same day of the week had to stand up together and sing or speak. Sunday's converts were very much in evidence as regards numbers. On Coronation Day the Salvation Army had determined to hold a special meeting in Hamil-

NEXT WEEK!

SPECIAL HARVEST FESTIVAL NUMBER OF THE WAR CRY.

SAME PRICE.

Stirring Salvation Songs.

THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

Tune.—No other argument (B.J. 7).
Oh, wreath that flag around the cross,
And let the nations see
Our Army counts all else but
cross,
To set poor sinners free.

Chorus.

Oh, wreath that flag around the cross,
The cross of Calvary;
'Twill lead the world from endless
loss,
The flag of liberty.

Oh, let its star of glory shine
In hearts of sinful men;
Revealing life that is Divine,
Dispelling gloom and sin.

Oh, let its crimson hue proclaim
The blood that cleanses still,
Shed by the precious Lamb once slain,
For whosoever will.

Oh, let its border, blue, disclose
The purity of heaven;
So gloriously bestowed on those
Whom Jesus has forgiven.

SWEET IS THE MESSAGE.

Tune.—Jesus is looking this way.
Is there a heart that is waiting,
Longing for pardon to-day?
Hear the glad message proclaim-
ing,
Jesus is passing this way.
Is there a heart that has wandered?
Come with thy burden to-day,
Mercy is tenderly pleading,
Jesus is passing this way.

Chorus.

Jesus is looking for thee,
Jesus is looking for thee,
Sweet is the message to-day,
Jesus is looking for thee.

Is there a heart that is broken?
Weary, and sighing for rest?
Come to the arms of thy Saviour,
Flower thy heart on His breast.
Come to thy Holy Redeemer,
Come to His infinite love,
Come to the gate that is leading
Homeward to mansions above.

BRINGING ALL TO JESUS.

Tune.—I left it all with Jesus (B.J. 151).

I bring my heart to Jesus, with its
fears,
With its hopes and feelings and its
tears;
Him it seeks, and finding, it is blest;
Him it loves, and loving is at rest;
Walking with my Saviour, heart in
rest.

None can tell.

I bring my life to Jesus, with its care,
And before His footstool lay it there,
Fed are its treasures, poor and dim,
It is not worth living without Him,
More than life is Jesus, love and
peace,
Ne'er to cease.

I bring my ease to Jesus, as I pray
That His blood will wash them all
away.

While I seek for favor at His feet,
And with tears His promise still re-
peat.

He doth tell me plainly Jesus lives,
And forgives.

I bring my all to Jesus; He hath seen
How my soul darkness has been;
Nothing from His altar I would keep,
To His cross of suffering I would leap,
And the life descending brings to me
Liberty.

HELP ME FOLLOW THEE.

Tune.—Saviour, like a shepherd lead
me.

Lord, Thou knowest I am longing,
Day by day to follow Thee,
'Midst the duties that are throng-
ing.

Pure, and good, and true I'll be;
Make me holy,
Make me holy,
Jesus, make me more like Thee

Welcome, sorrow; welcome, darkness,
If they lead me nearer Thee;
Help me, Saviour, in my weakness,
Oling to those who died for me.
Keep me ever,
Keep me ever,
Jesus, looking unto Thee.

Help me, Lord, to live for others,
From all sin and self be free;
Sympathize with those who suffer,
Help them all Thy love to see.
Rock of Ages,
Rock of Ages,
Evermore I'll cling to Thee.

EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—He saves me now.

Oh, what a burden there hung on
my soul,
I was not ready if death's hell
should toll;
What could I do to be made fully
whole?
Jesus alone could save me.

Chorus.

He saves me now. He saves me now.
I know that my Jesus saves me now;
He saves me now. He saves me now,
I know that He saves me now.

Down in the valley of darkness was I,
Helpless and sorrowful there I did lie;
Oft to get up of myself I would try,
But Jesus alone could save me.

Now I've a peace which the world can-
not give,
Joy in abundance, not room to receive;
Ever increasing each day as I live,
Jesus alone can give me.

THE CROSS MAY BE HEAVY.

The cross that He gave may be
heavy,
But it never outweighs His
grace;
The storm that fear may surround
me,
But it never excludes His face.

Chorus.

The cross is not greater than His
grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed
face,
I am satisfied to know that with Jesus
I have
I can conquer every foe.

The thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me;
The cup which I drink not more bitter
Than He drank on Gethsemane.

The scorn of my foes may be daring,
For they bowed and mocked my
God,
They'll hate me for my holy living,
For they crucified my Lord.

The light of His love shines the
brighter
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work will grow lighter
As I stoop to raise the low.

I AM READY.

Tune.—God is keeping His soldiers
fighting (B.J. 46).

When the shadows are thickly
falling,
As I pass through the shadow
of death.

And the trumpet for me is calling,
I will shout with my latest breath—
By the blood that did redeem me,
O Lord, Thou wilt receive me,
And before the throne thou bring.
I will answer, "Here am I."

Chorus.

When the trumpet sounds I'm ready
then to go,
And I'll ride up in the chariot in the
morning.

He to me gave His pardon freely,
From my name He has blotted my
sin,
And in death's valley He'll be near me.
Of His mercy I then will sing.
Day by day His hand has blest me,
His love has never failed me,
And I, therefore, love Him truly,
And with joy shall greet His call.

FROM INDIA'S SHORES.

Tune.—In the cross.

Jesus, make me pure within,
Pass me through the cleansing,
Let me daily walk with Thee,
On Thy grace depending.

Chorus.

Through and through, through and
through,
Saviour make me holy,
Save me to the uttermost
All the way to glory.

Break down every idol's throne,
Sanctify me wholly,
Take my will and make it Thine,
Reign within me solely.

Then, dear Lord, my life I'll spend
Telling out the story
Of Thy love for sinners lost,
All the way to glory.
A Soldier of Poona Corps.

ONE THAT WEARS BRIGHTER.

Tunes.—Just as I am: Take all my
sins away (B.J. 128).

Just as I am—without one plea
but that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fights within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

By J. S. S.-M. W. McLAUCHLIN,
Paris.

Tune.—My sweetest heart went down
with the Maine.

Upon Calvary's mountain Jesus
bled and died,
Soldiers standing round Him,
scorched by His side.
He was meek and gentle, He was true
and brave,
And, oh, to save each sin-bound sinner,
there His life He gave.
And oh, to save each sin-bound sinner,
there His life He gave.

Upon the cross, see, He died,
Cruelly nailed to the tree,
Tender and gracious His love,
Sinner, He suffered for thee.

Chorus.

Oh, the love of Jesus, noble, brave,
and true;
Calvary's love of Jesus, sinner, 'twas
for you;

Though you scorn and jeer Him, yet
He waits to save
For on the waters of Calvary, Jesus,
there His life He gave.

Crowned with thorns I see Him hang-
ing on the tree,
Dying for the sinner, giving liberty;
Groaning as He utters, "Oh, forgive
them still!"

It is not Mine, but Father, 'tis to do
Thy blessed will,
Thy blessed will.

Upon the cross, see, He hangs!
Yes, bleeding there for our sin;
All for the love of a world.

Sinner, now come unto Him.

COMING EVENTS.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS

assisted by

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. STANYON

with Fifty Cadets,

Will visit The Temple,

Sunday, September 14.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS

Will visit Duudas, Sat. and Sun., Sept.

26, 27.

T.H.Q. Specials.

BRIGADIER and MRS. GASKIN.

Lisgar St., Sun. and Mon., Sept. 14
and 15; Temple, Sat. and Sun., Sept.
20 and 21.

BRIGADIER and MRS. FRIEDRICH

and ENSIGN WHITEKER.

Lisgar St., Monday, Sept. 8; Lippin-

cott, Sunday, Sept. 21.

MAJOR COLLIER

Will visit Ingersoll, Sat. and Sun.,

Sept. 20 and 21.

STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

Lisgar St., Thursday, Sept. 11.

ADJT. ATTWELL.

Lisgar St., Friday, Sept. 12.

T. H. Q. MUSICAL SECTET.

Hamilton i. and ii., Sept. 20, 21.

ENSIGN EASTON.

Dovercourt, Sunday, Sept. 21.

CAPT. FREEMAN.

Escher St., Sunday, Sept. 21.

Spiritual Specials.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

Assisted by Capt. Urquhart,

Old-wa, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22; Montreal

i., Sept. 24 to Oct. 6.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT and STAFF-

CAPT. MANTON

Will visit Ingersoll, Aug. 27 to Sept. 8;

St. Thomas, Sept. 10 to Sept. 22.

East Ontario Province.

THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS

Will visit Barre, Vt., Tues., Sept. 9
to 22; Burlington, Vt., Sept. 23 to Oct.
6; St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 7 to 13; Pt. St.
Charles, Que., Oct. 14 to 27.

STAFF-CAPT. CRIGHTON,

The Chancellor,

Will visit Picton, Sat. and Sun., Sept.

12, 14; Belleville, Ont., Sept. 15; De-

rononto, Tues., Sept. 16; Nanawee, Wed.,

Sept. 17; Odessa, Thurs., Sept. 18;

Sunbury, Fri., Sept. 19; Kingston, Sat.,

Sun., and Mon., Sept. 20, 21, 22; Gan-

ouque, Tues., Sept. 23; Brockville,

Wed., Sept. 24; Ogdensburg, Thurs.,

Sept. 25; Prescott, Fri., Sept. 26; Cora-

wi, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 27, 28.

LEGACIES.

Notices to Friends who are about to make

their Wills, and desire to help the

work of the Salvation Army.

THESE good intentions of some friends have been made effective

in consequence of their Wills not being in conformity with

the law relating to charitable bequests. The following names of

deceased persons are therefore recommended. Their property has been

apportioned to benefit the work of the Salvation Army in the

following manner:—
1. To the Canadian Forces, 100 shares in the Canadian Forces

Shares in the Canadian Forces, 100 shares in the Canadian Forces

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OUR HOSTLERS HONOR ROLL

The East Again—Major Turner to Be Watched—Lieut. Currell Victorious—A New Competitor—The Flip-Toppers.

The East does well, as usual. They have got established in righteousness, I hope. Let Brigadier Sharp beware that they fall not from their high estate.

Just you watch very carefully now. That Major Turner, the naughty man, is bound to take a rise out of Brigadier Pickering, sure as taxes. He's set himself the task of defeating Nigger, under whose beaming eye he spent many happy years of his life. Oh, ingratitude, what crimes are committed in thy name! Let me avert my eyes lest they behold the tragic scene!

Lieut. Currell, whose days in Hamilton are surely numbered, beats all comers again, though Lieut. West has "clumb" up magnificently. The Lieutenant evidently intends to leave her name on the scroll of fame in the Ambitious City.

Well done indeed, Lieut. West! You've sprung into prominence at a gallop. I'll be as proud of you as I am of Lieut. Currell, and she is certainly a beauty.

Still hearing from the last Dawson contingent. Well done, my faithful friends! You are keeping it up to the bitter end.

The tip-top boomers are LIEUT. CURRELL, HAMILTON, 350; Lieut. West, London, 340; Lieut. Duncan, St. John I., 235; Lieut. Moore, Sydney, 220, and Lieut. Langley, Burlington, 200. Such a crowd of Lieutenants I never did see!

Eastern Province.

109 Hustlers.

Lieut. B. Duncan, St. John I.	235
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	220
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	185
Ensign Carter, Westville	159
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax	153
Capt. C. G. H. S. Hall	139
Mrs. Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	120
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	115
Capt. March, Liverpool	115
Bessie Bartlett, Eastport	110
Capt. Prince, St. George's	103
Lieut. C. G. H. S. Hall, St. John II.	103
Sister Drew, Halifax I.	100
Ensign Carter, Westville	100
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	100
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney	100
Mrs. Ens. Thistle, St. Stephen	100
Lieut. C. G. H. S. Hall, Hamilton	100
Lieut. Gishvain, Chatham	85
Capt. Murrough, St. John V.	80
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	80
Capt. Hawbold, Glace Bay	85
Lieut. C. G. H. S. Hall, St. John	85
Julla Lidston, Glace Bay	80
Capt. Forsey, Parrsboro	80
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Amherst	70
Lieut. Gillbank, Annapolis	70
W. Jennings, St. George's	63
Capt. Anderson, St. John II.	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Lieut. Fewson, Whitney Pier	57
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	55
Capt. Prince, St. George's	55
Lieut. Parsons, Fredericton	50
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	50
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Leckane, Newcastle	50
Capt. G. H. S. Hall, Sydney	50
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Capt. N. Smith, Campbellton	50
Sergt. Brazier, Halifax II.	50
Capt. James, Halifax II.	50
Capt. Prince, Windsor	50
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	50
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax II.	45
Capt. Hamilton, Bear River	45
Adj. James, Yarmouth	40
Capt. R. B. Y. Yarmouth	40
Mr. James, Halifax I.	40

Cadet Corkum, St. John I.	4
Sergt. Gregory, Fredericton	4
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	4
S-M. Burrows, Yarmouth	4
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	4
Lieut. Chastain, Hantsport	4
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	4
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton	4
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	4
Annie Laybott, Bridgetown	4
Capt. ...	4
Lieut. W. White, Digby	4
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	4
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	4
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	4
Lieut. Hargis, ...	4
Lieut. Conna, Sussex	4
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	4
Sister Burgess, Halifax I.	4
Capt. Murroughs, Hillsboro	4
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	4
C-C ...	4
Lieut. Meikle, North Head	4
Johanna McInnis, Dominion	4
Sergt. Dinnie, Glace Bay	4
Capt. Green, Houlton	4
Sergt. England, Chatham	4
Sergt. ... Fairville	4
Capt. Chaudier, Canning	4
Cadet Chislett, Canning	4
Lieut. Munroe, Freeport	4
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	4
Miss ...	4
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	4
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax I.	4
Capt. McEachern, Keaville	4
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	4
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	4
Miss ... Springhill	4
Maud Waterfield, Dominion	4
Kirk Allison, Newcastle	4
Cand. Smith, Glace Bay	4
Sister Clark, Glace Bay	4
Capt. L. Miller, Chatham	4
P. S. ...	4
Lieut. DeBoo, Fairville	4
Cand. D. Smith, Campbellton	4
Mrs. Snow, Halifax I.	4
Sister New, Halifax I.	4
Cadet Blackett, Yarmouth	4
Lieut. Elliot, Sydney, Mines	4
C-C. Bone, Halifax I.	4
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	4
Lieut. F. White, Bridgewater	4
Lieut. Rudland, Bridgetown	4
Cadet Bear, Louisburg	4
Sydney ... George's	4
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	4

Ontario Province

78 Hustlers

Lieut. West, London.....	34
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt.....	15
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford ..	13
Mrs. Adj't. McHarg, Chatbam	12
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington .	10
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	10
Mrs. McInnes, Tilsonburg	10

Leut. Close, Strathroy	10
Carrie, McQueen, Petrolia	9
Capt. V. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	9
Minnie Baydon, Windsor	9
Capt. Malsey, Brantford	9
P. S.-M. Huffman, Woodstock	9
Capt. Cass, Woodstock	9
S.-M. Scheuster, Berlin	9
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	9
Cand. Woods, Stratford	8
Capt. Bishop, Wingham	8
Lieut. Hineley, Simcoe	8
Capt. Youmans, Woodstock	8
Capt. Hineley, Windsor	8
Lieut. McColi, Bothwell	8
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	7
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	7
Sister Birton, Stratford	7
S.-M. Glover, Dresden	7
Capt. Edwards, Hespeler	7
Cand. Ed. Backus, St. Thomas	7
P.S.-M. Bateman, Stratford	7
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Seaford	7
Capt. Bramer, Bieulheim	7
Ensign Brehaut, Woodstock	7
Capt. McEwen, Waukegan	7
Capt. Williams, Essex	7
Mother Cutting, Essex	7
Capt. Coy, Goderich	6
Lillie Luckworth, Hespeler	6
Mrs. Alice Howlett, Drayton	6
P.S.-M. Alexander, Guelph	6
Adj. Cameron, Guelph	6
Mrs. Kerswell, London	6
Mrs. Adj. Cameron, Guelph	6
Mrs. Martin, sr., St. Thomas	6
Capt. Lizzie Pattenden, Wallaceburg	4
Capt. Harman, Waukegan	4
Ensign Chubb, Guelph	4
Adj. Combs, Petrolia	4
Lieut. Allen, Watford	3
Capt. Rock, Seaford	3
Capt. Jordison, Stratford	3
Lieut. Murray, Berlin	3
S.-M. Hineley, Ingersoll	3
Lillie Dickson, C.-C., St. Thomas	3
Capt. Young, Forest	3
Verna Crater, C.-C., Chatham	3
Lottie Christian, C.C., Petrolia	3
Cand. Mary Wessou, Simcoe	3
Fred. Palmer, London	3
Lieut. Hineley, Windsor	2
Huncil Robinson, C.-C., Windsor	2
Davie Virtue, Windsor	2
Lucy Horney, Goderich	2
Sergt. Rose Ellis, Dresden	2
Capt. Fife, Strathroy	2
Mrs. Lillian Ingersoll	2
Sergt. Dreislager, Hespeler	2
Mrs. Welsby, Delhi	2
S.-M. Graham, Thamesville	2
Brother Broadwell, Kingsville	2
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	2
Sarah Hineley, Forest	2
Adj. Mitchell, Petrolia	2
Capt. C. Campbell, St. Thomas	2
Annie McDonald, Wingham	2
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	2
Mrs. Glasser, Chatham	2
Dad Christner, Dresden	2

Central Ontario Province.

73 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.....	38
Adj't McAmmonā, Temple..	10
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie.	10

East Ontario Province

69 Hustlers.

Lieut. Langley, Burlington 2
Lieut. Saffner, Belleville 2
P. Dudgeon, Trenton 1
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Belleville 1
10 Lieut. Duncan, Oshesburg 2
Lieut. Gates, Gananoque 1
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston
Adjt. MacNamara, Kingston
Sergt. Moore, Trenton
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro
Capt. Randall, Trenton
Sergt. Rogers, Trenton
Capt. Green, Cornwall
Capt. Fisher, Newburg
Capt. Woods, Kempville
Lieut. Greenslades, Trenton
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Ottawa
Capt. Ash, Sherbrook
Capt. Hicks, Parakee
Mrs. Rarimo, Barre
Capt. Liddell, Millbrook
Lieut. Mathews, Peterboro
Capt. O'Neill, Annapolis
Mrs. Edward, Annapolis
Mrs. Capt. Clarke, Cambellford
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke
Amy Hornback, Colbourg
Lieut. Reats, Newport
Sergt. A. E. Capt. 1
C. C. Carson, Kingston
Mrs. Barber, Kingston
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall
Sergt. Hippner, Montreal II
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke
Mrs. Munro, 1
C. C. Casselman, Brockville
Sergt. Stone, Lakefield
Sophie Barbour, Ottawa
E. M. Thompson, Belleville
Dana Halsey, Trenton I
Mrs. Capt. Fudge, Colbourg
Mrs. Capt. Brimmon, Port Hope
Ensign Cabrit, Montreal III



A TINY TRAGEDIAN

SCENE.—*Doorstep of an Army Barracks in London.*

URSULA (pompously): "Good evening, Captain. Do you know who I am?—I'm Shakespeare!"

CAPTAIN: "Yes, your excellency, do you; then perhaps you can give us a good recitation?"

URSULA: "Not at all; anything to oblige a lady!" Then, assuming a tragic attitude, she continued: "And Christopher and unto Columbus, 'Come forth!'; and he came fifth and lost the job."—*Social*

Preliminary Announcements !

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH,

Father and Founder of the World-Wide Salvation Army, will visit :

ST. JOHN, N.B.,
SAT. to TUES., October 11, to 14th.

HALIFAX, N.S.,
THURSDAY, October 16th.

MONTREAL,
SAT. and SUN., Oct. 18th, 19th,

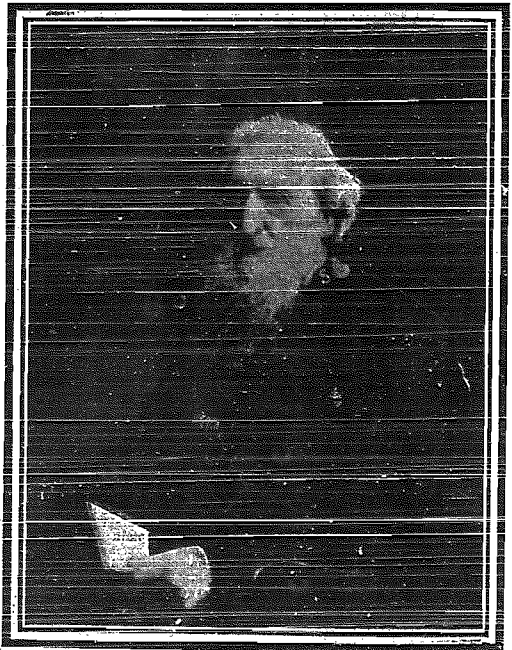
OTTAWA,
TUESDAY, October 21st.

KINGSTON, ONT.,
WEDNESDAY, October 22nd.

HAMILTON, ONT.,
THURSDAY, October 23rd.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.,
FRIDAY, October 24th.

LONDON, ONT.,
SAT. and SUN., Oct. 25th, 26th.



The GENERAL will preside at the

Annual Congress, Toronto

when over 300 Staff and Field Officers will be present.

TUESDAY, October 26,
Public Reception at the Massey Hall.

SATURDAY, November 1,
United Soldiers' Council.

WED., THURS., FRI., October 29, 30, 31,
Staff and Field Officers' Councils

SUNDAY, November 2,
Day of Salvation in the Massey Hall.